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# Shell guide to trees in AUGUST

PAINTED BY S. R. BADMIN, R.W.S.



Willows by the water add up to much of the summer's green. But the kinds aren't so easily distinguished. Branches of one of the commonest, CRACK WILLOW (1 pollarded; 1A leaves) crack off easily. WHITE WILLOW (2) looks whitish, with leaves silky (2A) and white on both sides. A variety of this kind is CRICKET BAT WILLOW (3), cut young for bats. Its leaves (3A) are blue-green on top. WEEPING WILLOW (4) is a native of China. Basket willows include PURPLE OSIER (5) with bark full of bitter salicin, forerunner of the chemist's tablets of aspirin or salicylic acid (i.e. acid of willow, Latin *salix*) and the COMMON

OSIER (6). Leaves of GOAT WILLOW or SALLOW (7, 7A) are broad and softly white underneath. The alpine LEAST WILLOW (8) creeps by underground rhizomes about our mountains. ALDER (9), ripe fruits (9A), old cone-like catkins (9B), next year's catkins (9C) and knobby trunked trees of BLACK POPLAR (10 and 10A) like damp ground. So does the uncommon SWAMP CYPRESS from the Mississippi (11 and 11A), whose roots develop aerial 'knees' (11B) in very wet places. Another planted foreigner, the MULBERRY (12 and 12A) came, with leaves for silk worms and delicious fruits for us, from Persia.



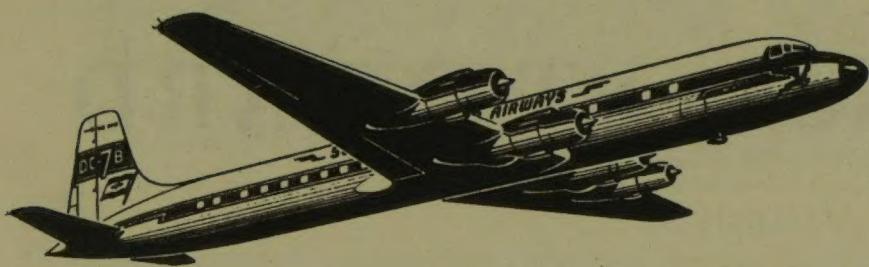
Shell's series of monthly "NATURE STUDIES: Fossils, Insects and Reptiles", which gave so many people pleasure last year, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd. at 7s. The Shell Guide to "Flowers of the Countryside" and Shell's "NATURE STUDIES: Birds and Beasts" are also available at 7s. each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls.

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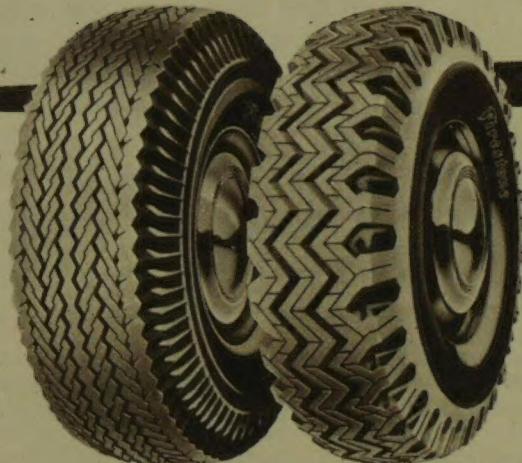
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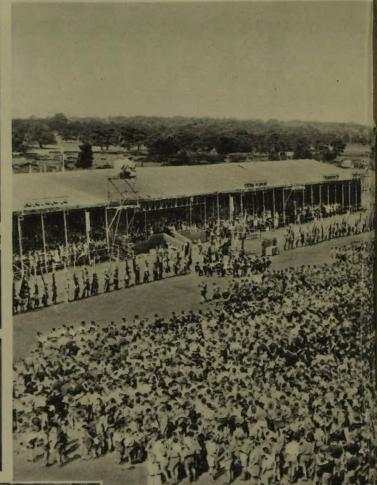
SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1957.



HER MAJESTY HONOURS THE GIRL GUIDES AND THEIR ILLUSTRIOUS FOUNDER : THE QUEEN PAUSING AT THE "STANHOPE" ARCH DURING HER TOUR OF THE GUIDE WORLD CAMP IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK.

The highlight of the Guide World Camp at Windsor was the Queen's two-hour visit on August 4. A former Girl Guide and now Patron of the Girl Guides Association, her Majesty showed keen interest in the many camp activities which she was shown. She is seen here at the entrance to the Shropshire contingent's section, where she was attracted by the unusual "Stanhope" entrance arch. This, with its cradle carried by two storks, commemorates the birth of the founder of the Girl Guides movement,

Lord Baden-Powell, at 6, Stanhope Gate, in London, on February 22, 1857. In her lapel the Queen was wearing the bejewelled trefoil badge given to her on her twenty-first birthday by Guides of the British Commonwealth. During her visit to the camp at Windsor, her Majesty was presented with a hand-made tent and camping equipment for the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne. The Queen left this happy camp in the shadow of her own home at Windsor amid the cheers of the Guides of sixty-nine nations.



(1) WATCHING THE MARCH-PAST OF THE CONTINGENTS OF THE DIFFERENT NATIONS: THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, LORD ROWALLAN, THE CHIEF SCOUT (LEFT CENTRE), AND SIR ROB LOCKHART, THE CAMP COMMANDANT (RIGHT CENTRE).

(2) AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE HUGE CONGREGATION OF SCOUTS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD ATTENDING A SERVICE AT SUTTON COLDFIELD ON AUGUST 4.

(3) WELCOMED BY THE SCOUTS OF EIGHTY-FOUR COUNTRIES: THE QUEEN, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, DURING THEIR TOUR OF THE CAMP.

#### SCOUTS FROM 84 NATIONS WELCOME THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH:

Some 34,000 Boy Scouts, Rover Scouts, and Scout leaders from eighty-four countries assembled in the great area at Sutton Park on August 1 to witness the official opening by the Duke of Gloucester of their Jubilee Jamboree. This, the ninth World Scout Jamboree, marks both the centenary of the birth of Lord

Baden-Powell (1857-1941) and the fiftieth anniversary of the Boy Scouts movement, which he founded in 1908. Two days later, on August 3, this great camp near Birmingham was honoured by the five-hour visit of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. The Royal visitors toured each of the five sub-camps and

(4) A GREAT MOMENT: THE PARADE AT THE OPENING OF THE BOY SCOUTS JUBILEE JAMBOREE AT SUTTON PARK BY THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER ON AUGUST 1. (Aerial photograph by H. Tempest Ltd.)

(5) DURING THE QUEEN'S VISIT: A SCOUT OFFICIAL BEING PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY, WITH LORD ROWALLAN (LEFT) AND OLAVE, LADY BADEN-POWELL.

(6) SUTTON PARK, THE SITE OF THE JUBILEE JAMBOREE: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE VAST CAMP WHERE 34,000 SCOUTS FROM EIGHTY-FOUR COUNTRIES ASSEMBLED.

#### HIGHLIGHTS OF THE GREAT JUBILEE JAMBOREE AT SUTTON PARK, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

saw the very varied customs of scouts from five continents, all eager to greet the Queen and the Duke in their own particular way. The international character of the Scout Movement was further demonstrated in the march-past before the Queen, in which representatives of all the eighty-four nations formed a mile-long

procession. It had taken months of careful preparation to get ready this huge camp. Unfortunately, during the night of August 5 torrential rain waterlogged many of the tents and flooded parts of the camp, but immediate offers of help from every side enabled things to return to normal after only a few hours.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A DOZEN years after the Battle of Waterloo and the end of Britain's long struggle against Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington complained that there were scarcely enough troops in England to bury a field marshal. A similar reduction of our military forces has occurred sooner or later—usually sooner than later—after every major war. Secure, or supposing themselves to be secure behind their encircling seas, the British have treated their fine professional Army as an unwanted luxury, reduced its size and equipment, and usually its training facilities, far below the level dictated by elementary prudence and so confronted their military leaders and ill-starred troops at the outset of the next war with the most harrowing dilemmas and calamitous situations. The fundamental cause of the retreat to Dunkirk, of the retreat from Mons, of the sufferings and blunders of the Crimea, were not so much the machinations and ambitions of Continental militarists as the incorrigible improvidence of British politicians and electors.

From the ultimate—and deserved—consequences of these disasters Britain has repeatedly been saved in the past by two factors. One has been her command of the sea and, in the last war, of her command as well of the air over the sea. The other has been the astonishing tenacity and resilience of the individual units of her minute and neglected Regular Army. "These," wrote A. E. Housman in 1914,

"in the day when heaven was falling,  
The hour when earth's foundations fled,  
Followed their mercenary calling  
And took their wages and are dead."

It was unreasonable, however, of the poet to have attributed the blame for that Army's—and the civilised world's—predicament to the Almighty. For "God," in his penultimate line, Housman might more justly have written, "the British Parliament and people"!

Twice in our own lifetime Britain has despatched her professional Army to the Continent to fight against almost impossible odds. Twice we have seen that Army rescued at the eleventh hour from almost certain disaster by its own superb constancy and courage in adversity. Writing of what he describes as "the indescribable quality of detachment and staunchness of the British soldier" during the fighting retreat to Dunkirk, Lord Alanbrooke has said of him, "he can sympathise with misery, he can rub shoulders with demoralised allies and suffer on their account, he can be subjected to untold fatigues and hardships in the face of disaster, and yet none of these factors affect his balance. . . . It is this factor more than any other that has saved us from many disasters and contributed most to the successes of the British Army. Never have I had greater admiration, respect and affection for the British soldier than during those anxious days of our retirement from Louvain to Dunkirk." †

Yet it would be a mistake—and what happened on the road to Dunkirk had happened many times before in our history—to attribute such virtue in the British soldier merely to the innate courage of the British race. Britons, untrained and unschooled for it, are just as capable of behaving badly in the face of danger as anyone else. It has been discipline, training, above all *esprit de corps* which, superimposed on certain basic and hereditary dispositions in our people, have enabled British soldiers to achieve the impossible when all the odds seemed against them. And in British fighting men, above all in British soldiers, pride of corps has always attached most strongly to the small unit, to what Sir Thomas Browne, I think, called "the little platoon." In the British Army that unit, for historical reasons, has always been the Regiment. Round the organisation and transmitted traditions of a few thousand, or even a few hundred, men has grown a wonderful and continuing pride and loyalty which again and again has caused ordinary men to transcend their own natures and attain to the very highest peaks of nobility and sacrifice of which humanity is capable. In how many apparently hopeless fights against odds has defeat been averted or victory won because the officers and men of some particular Regiment have refused to give in or yield ground when their doing so would have fallen short of the highest traditions of their

corps or have shamed them in the eyes of some other Regiment? "There we unflinchingly stood," wrote Captain Leslie of the Worcesters on the stricken field of Albuera, "and there we unflinchingly fell," for around the 29th were their peers of the 31st, the 48th and the 57th (who on that day won their proud title of "Die Hards") and none of them would give ground in the presence of the others. And on the same battlefield, as another eyewitness described in one of the great passages of English literature, the Royal Fusiliers and Royal Welch Fusiliers contended with one another in glorious rivalry as they advanced up the hill against Soult's massed artillery and battalions. "Suddenly and sternly recovering, they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights."

This pride in corps and the perennial education in virtue and valour for which it has been responsible—the very cement of the British Army's greatness—has been even more important for the Infantry than for the other branches of the Army. The artilleryman, wrote General Wimberley who commanded the Highland Division at Alamein, has his gun, the cavalryman his horse or tank, the sailor his ship, the airman his aircraft, but the infantryman has nothing on which to base constancy in the hour of testing but his *esprit de corps*. It is because this has been so pronounced a feature of the British Army's training and administration that the British Infantry's reputation stands so high.

It is in the light of all this that the reorganisation of the British Army, and, above all, of the historic British Line of Infantry, that has now been imposed on that Army by the Government's decision to reduce our Fighting

Forces must be considered, and, mercifully, has been considered. "No one who knew soldiers and their peculiar way of thinking," wrote Lord Wolseley, "or who was acquainted with the little trifles that go to make up pride of Regiment and that form, as it were, a link between it and discipline would ever deprive a soldier of any peculiarity that he prides himself on without having some overpowering reason for doing so." No one who knows the present C.I.G.S. and his record could ever imagine that he would be a party

to any reorganisation of the Army that needlessly deprived the fighting man of such aids. In the changes that have been announced, Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer—himself an infantryman and the devoted son of a great Infantry Regiment—and his colleagues on the Army Council have clearly done their best to sacrifice as little as possible of the traditions and *esprit de corps* that have sustained so many generations of British soldiers. In their proposals, distasteful though many of these necessarily are, they have shown great ingenuity and imagination. No Infantry Regiment of the Line has been disbanded, and, though the cap-badges of individual Regiments have been discarded in favour of the new Brigades, the Regiments will continue to carry most of their other distinguishing marks and to pursue their separate existences both in their Regular and now brigaded battalions and in their still separate Territorial battalions. Yet the decision—I am convinced a wise one—to prefer amalgamation to disbandment—will involve loss of individual identity for no fewer than thirty out of the sixty-four historic Regiments of the Line. Among them are all the County Regiments of the South-West of England—because of sparsity of population a difficult recruiting area in peacetime: the Devons, the Dorsets (the Regiment that at Plassey laid the foundations of British India), the Wiltshires, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry and the Somerset Light Infantry. I have no doubt that in the fullness of time the new Regiments into which these proud and splendid fighting units are to be merged will evolve joint traditions as educative and glorious as those of their parent Regiments. But to anyone who knows something of the history of the south-west and its military traditions the enforced changes involved must produce for a time a sense of shock almost as grave as would the fall of Salisbury spire or the disappearance into the sea of Golden Cap.

\* "Last Poems." By A. E. Housman. (Grant Richards, p. 71.)

† "The Turn of the Tide." (Collins, p. 139.)

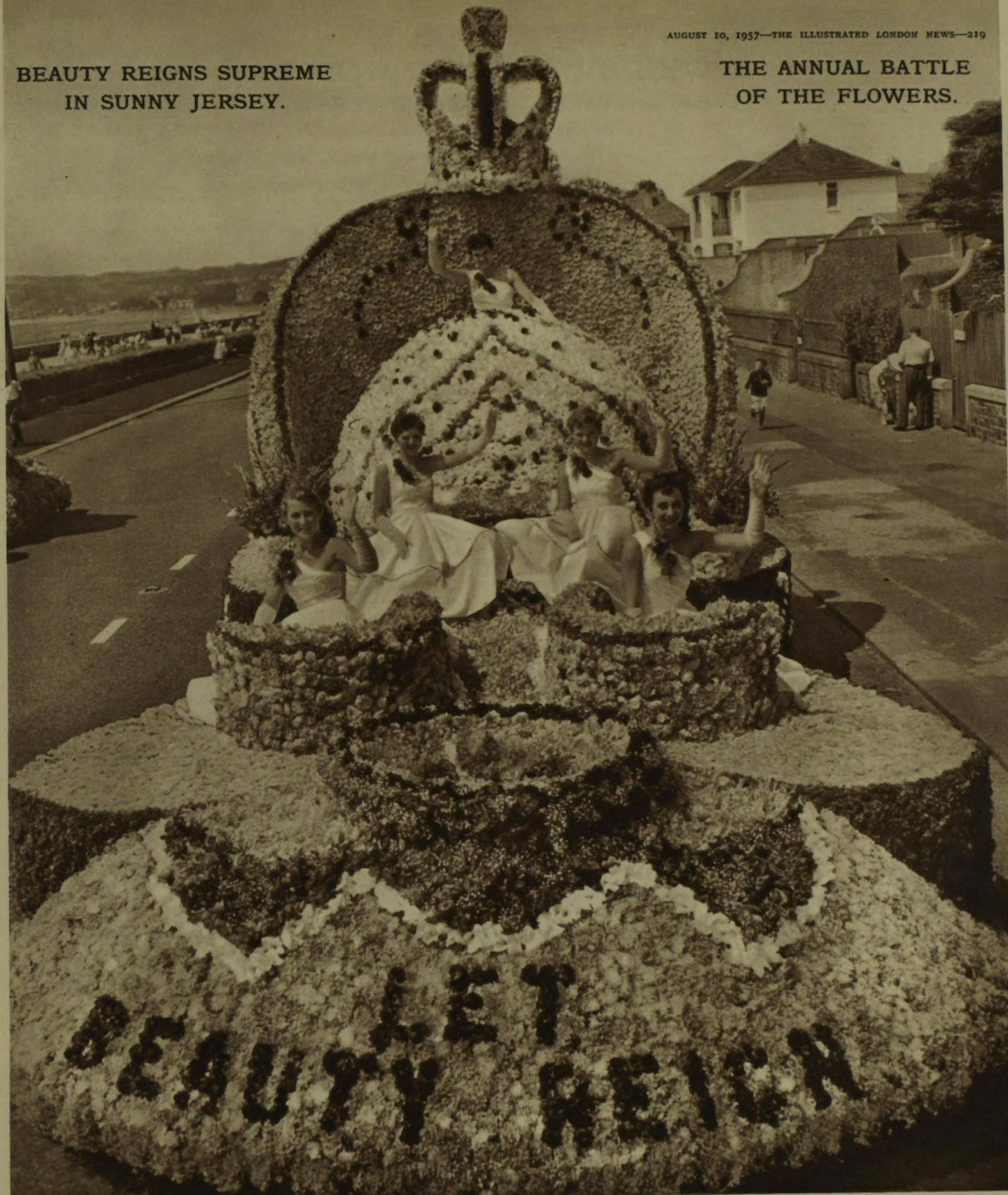


"SON ET LUMIERE" AT GREENWICH: THE SETTING FOR THE PAGEANT WHICH IS TO BE SHOWN NIGHTLY DURING AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

The first public showing of the "Son et Lumière" pageant at Greenwich took place on August 1, following a preview the night before. It is the first time that this kind of spectacle has been seen in England. The pageant, consisting of special lighting effects, music, narrative and dialogue, is based on events in British history linked with Greenwich. It is centred on the Queen's House, the National Maritime Museum and the Royal Naval College, and the pageant is viewed by the audience from the Royal Park. The production has been arranged by *The Daily Telegraph* on behalf of the Ministry of Works. A previous spectacle at Greenwich, the successful "Nautical Night Pageant" of 1933, was devised and produced by Sir Arthur Bryant.

BEAUTY REIGNS SUPREME  
IN SUNNY JERSEY.

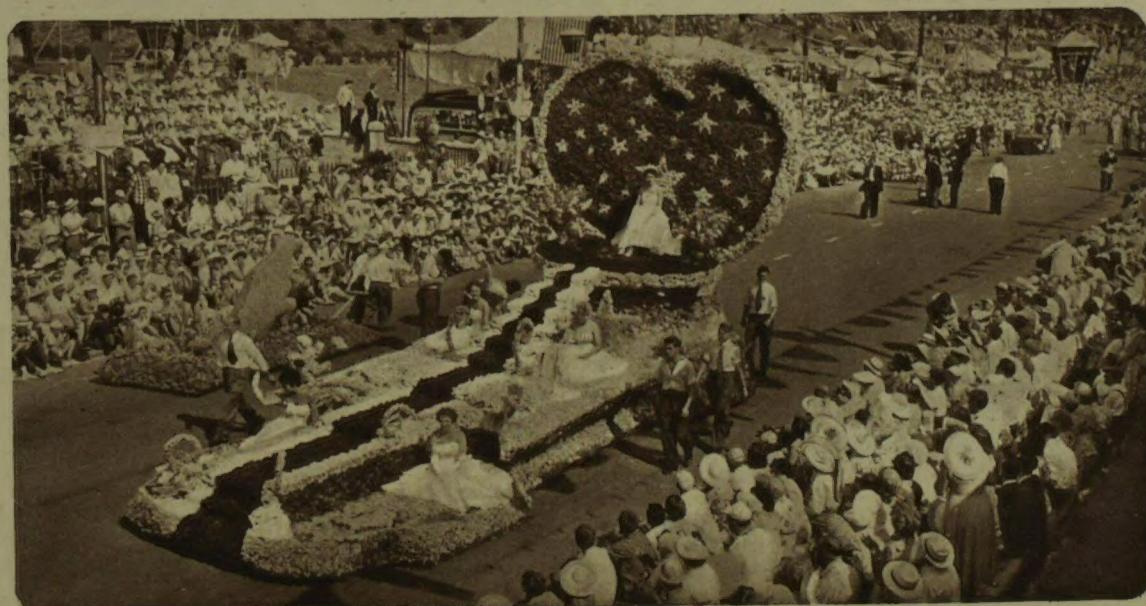
THE ANNUAL BATTLE  
OF THE FLOWERS.



(Above.)  
WHERE BEAUTY REIGNED  
AMID THE FLOWERS: THE  
JERSEY SWIMMING CLUB'S  
FLOAT. MISS MARGARET  
EDWARDS, THE OLYMPIC  
SWIMMING BRONZE MEDAL-  
LIST, IS SEATED IN THE  
PLACE OF HONOUR.

ONE of the most colourful and beautiful of holiday spectacles is seen each year in Jersey during the annual Battle of the Flowers, when the fighting, if any, is entirely confined to those spectators who want to get a better view of the procession of floats and the lovely girls who grace them. Jersey held its first Battle of Flowers in 1902 as part of the celebrations in honour of

[Continued opposite.]



Continued.]  
the Coronation of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra, and it was so popular that it has since become an annual event with the various floats becoming more elaborate with the passing of the years. There has never been any difficulty in finding beautiful girls to enhance this floral spectacle, for the island has never lacked them either before or since the days of the wondrous "Jersey Lily."

(Left.)  
LOUDLY APPLAUDED BY THE  
HOLIDAYMAKERS: A COLOUR-  
FUL FLOAT NAMED "STAIR-  
WAY TO THE STARS," WHICH  
WAS AWARDED A WELL-  
DESERVED FIRST PRIZE.

NO apology is needed for returning in a third week's article to the subject of defence. It has dominated the period in question and still maintains its predominance. Moreover, most of the matter discussed in the two previous articles has been domestic and in particular the domestic affairs of the Army. They are highly important and call forth a worthy emotion. Yet even the emotions and domestic loyalties of the Army are means to an end: the best instrument of defence. Since the other two articles were written fresh doubts on this subject have cropped up. There has even been in one quarter an allegation that one section of the Government has been "plotting" against another and preparing to surprise it by more cuts—surely a fanciful as well as a malicious charge.

The situation is roughly as follows. The strength of the forces has been fixed; that of the Army, for certain obvious reasons, in more detail than in the case of its sisters in the fighting Services. This strength, however, depends—again particularly as regards the Army—on a hypothesis. It cannot be attained from the point of view of personnel, on which strength in other respects ultimately depends, unless voluntary recruitment goes well enough to bring it up to the required figures. Strong doubts have been expressed in the case of the Army whether these figures are likely to be reached. They will certainly not be unless pay is raised well above the standards recently fixed.

The danger is that it will be found impossible to reach a standard which will meet requirements in this respect without a very large expenditure and that the pressure of other types of expenditure—including the generous compensation for premature retirement and ending of engagements, estimated to cost £40,000,000 over the time taken up by the process—will lead to an insufficient bid. The next step might be, the doubters think, a too-ready acceptance of this situation. This would reduce the conventional forces of Britain to a derisory level, one at which they would be incapable of performing any of their functions properly. The Army's goal is 165,000. *The Times* does not believe it will be reached, and comments: "If they manage to muster, say, only 125,000 soldiers, will they then discover that this is just the size of army we require and that a limited form of compulsory service will not therefore be necessary?"

Note that it is not merely a question of utility in the most vital fields. There are others only fractionally less important. The demands of the Commonwealth and of the Colonies can be neglected only at a great risk. If British forces should disappear from overseas stations at which they have become familiar and popular, a symbol of Britain's strength and solicitude for lands far distant from the Mother Country, the results would be unhappy. It does not need to be added that they would be far worse if troops ceased to be available for emergencies in which it was vital that they should be present. I do not regard these as imaginary dangers.

Is the main cause the transfer from the social to the international field of that typically twentieth-century British characteristic, the

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. FINANCE: A CARDINAL POINT IN DEFENCE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

hankering after "living up to the Joneses"? It has been urged, officially and otherwise, that British prestige depends on the part we play in the provision of the "deterrent." In point of fact, if we were to quadruple our expenditure in this respect our contribution would still be trifling, and it would be made at the cost of dropping nearly all else, including prestige in other fields. If we feel that there are some tasks which we dare not leave to others and cannot rely on the United States undertaking, we ought to say so, in polite words, of course, and not base our policy upon a prestige doubtful at best and bought very dearly.

To take an extreme case, let us suppose that the members of the Government who count chiefly

real and obvious contribution which we have been making ever since the war. To give one example, Malaya might be to-day a Communist stronghold but for the patient and unremitting efforts over long years to prevent its being subjected to the power of a minority of Communist terrorists. The Commonwealth Division in Korea won golden opinions for its performances against heavy odds. The standard set by the B.A.O.R. in manoeuvres and in other respects in Germany has been a legitimate cause of pride.

Relatively little has been heard during the past month about the Navy. Would not a loss of prestige still greater than that of failing to "keep up with the Joneses" over the megaton bomb—in any case, as I have pointed out, an unattainable end—be involved in failure to maintain the Navy in a fit state to carry out its traditional functions, both in peace and war? The possibility has to be faced that the growing Russian submarine fleet is in a sense a peace-time, at least a cold-war, weapon. Its first object may be to establish such an overwhelming threat in the Atlantic as virtually to sever communications between the United Kingdom and the United States and the forces of the latter in Britain and on the Continent from their home bases. This is something we can afford still less than failure to maintain our deterrent rôle.

What we need to be assured of is that the Government is not going to swing over to preparations for waging a nuclear war to such an extent as to render our other means of defence trifling. We want to hear that, having set lower standards for conventional defence, very much lower in the case of the Army, it is entering on the new plan with a determination that the reduced standards shall not be further whittled away. We wait to be told that when it talks of an army of 165,000 men, for instance, it means what it says and is going to make a genuine and realistic effort to provide an army of that strength.

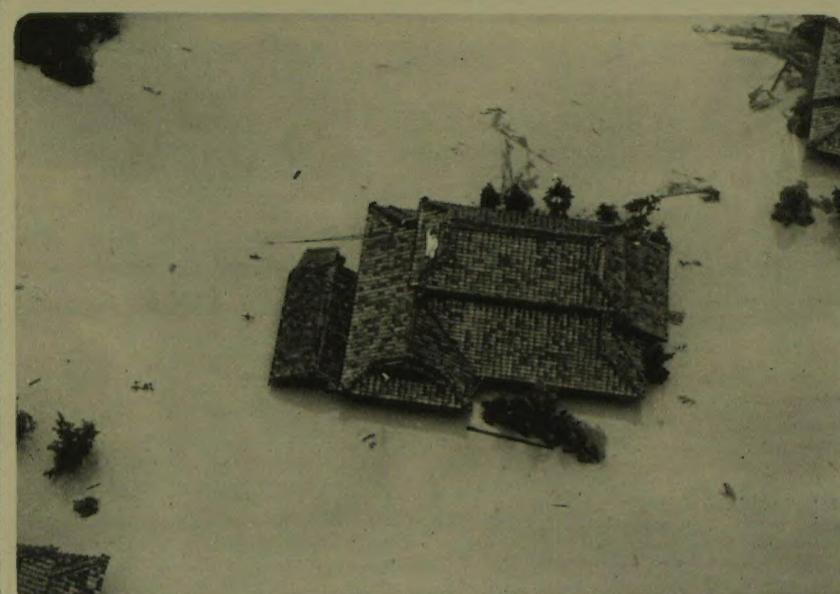
Before these lines appear Parliament will have adjourned for its long recess and the outline of policy on which the Ministries concerned will have to work will have been drawn. This is not to say that the outline will be drawn indelibly, but it is desirable that the Ministries should know

where they stand and that there should be as few amendments as possible. It is to be hoped that the considerations set out briefly above—and I wish I could have put them more forcibly—will have been fully taken into account. There is nothing original in them and they will assuredly have been stated more fully and lucidly by the Government's professional advisers. Well known though the points made may be, they tend to be obscured by what I have called the domestic issues. I will not be accused of overlooking these latter. It is even more important that those of to-day's appreciation should be kept in the foreground.

### CORRECTION.

In our issue of July 20, page 120, the caption to the illustration on the left centre should have read: "Cristel Dumitrescu, a member of the Rumanian team of amateur folk-dancers from Bucharest, wearing the costume for the dance 'Calusari.' "

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



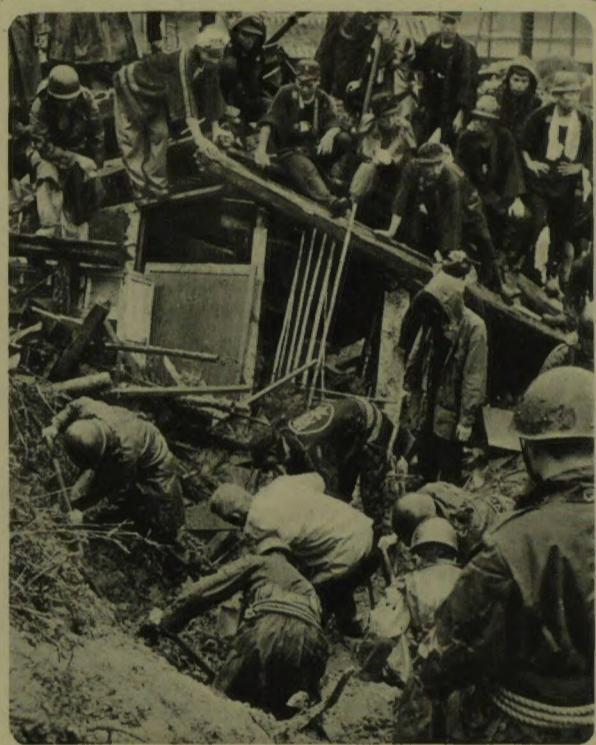
JAPAN. THE FLOOD-DISASTER IN WESTERN KYUSHU: A VILLAGER STANDING ON THE ROOF OF HIS ALMOST SUBMERGED HOUSE.

At the end of July the Japanese Government invoked the disaster relief law to aid victims of the serious floods in the island of Kyushu, where over 500 people lost their lives, more than 400 people were missing, and over 3000 people were injured. Some 1141 houses were destroyed or washed away.

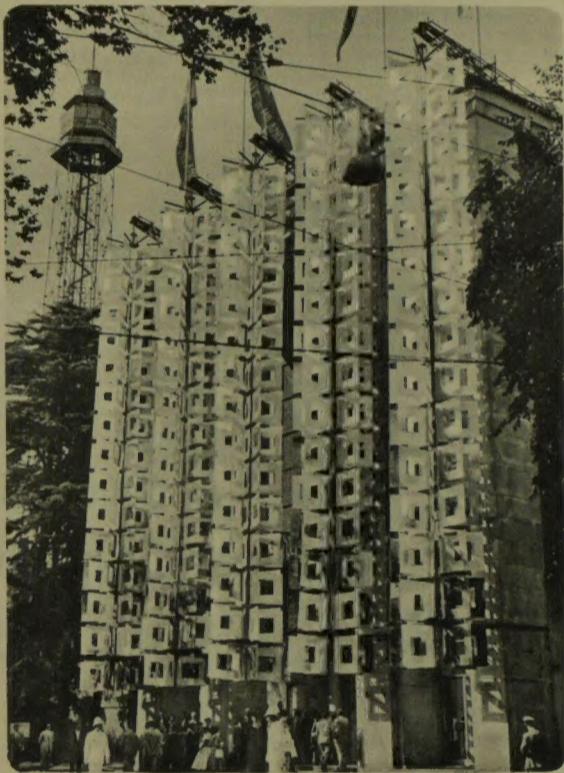


TURKEY. GALLIPOLI: VETERANS OF THE 1915 LANDING WHO JOURNEYED THERE AGAIN TO LAY A WREATH ON THE BRITISH WAR MEMORIAL ON CAPE HELLES.

In June this year a small party landed on Gallipoli and laid a wreath on the Turkish War Memorial (now under construction) and on the British War Memorial, in commemoration of the landing by the 29th Division on April 25, 1915. Our photograph, taken at the foot of the British War Memorial, shows (l. to r.): Major H. H. King, T.D.; Major T. Verschoyle, M.C.; Sir Leonard Stone, O.B.E., Q.C.; Major E. H. W. Bannister, T.D. (who organised the pilgrimage); Lieut.-Colonel J. Haigh, M.B.E., and Major T. Millington, O.B.E.



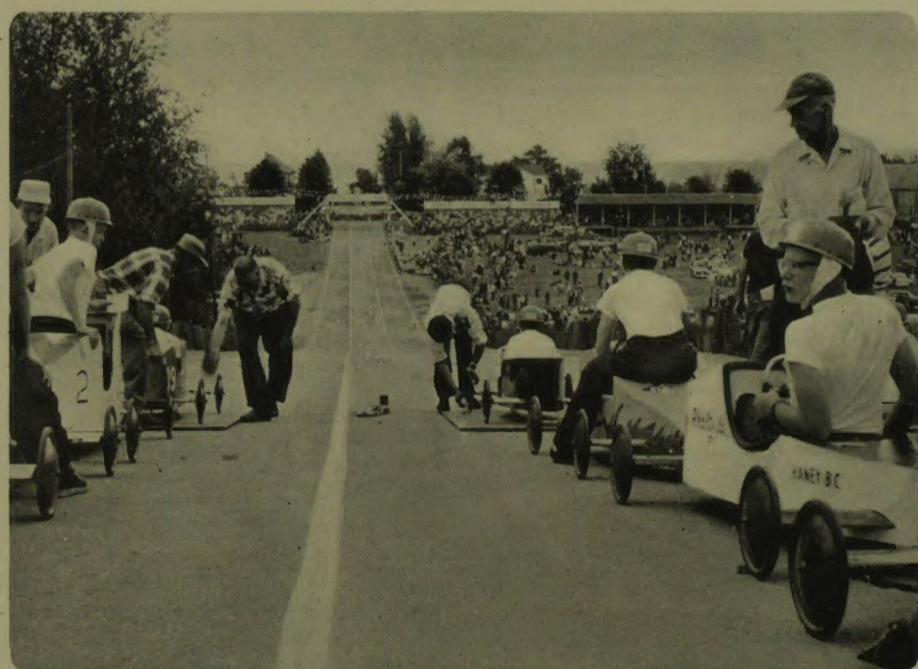
JAPAN. IN THE WAKE OF THE FLOODS: RESCUE WORKERS CLEARING MUD AND WRECKAGE TO BRING OUT THE DEAD AFTER A LANDSLIDE IN KUMAMOTO CITY.



ITALY. INAUGURATED BY PRESIDENT GRONCHI IN MILAN: THE ELEVENTH TRIENNAL—AN EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

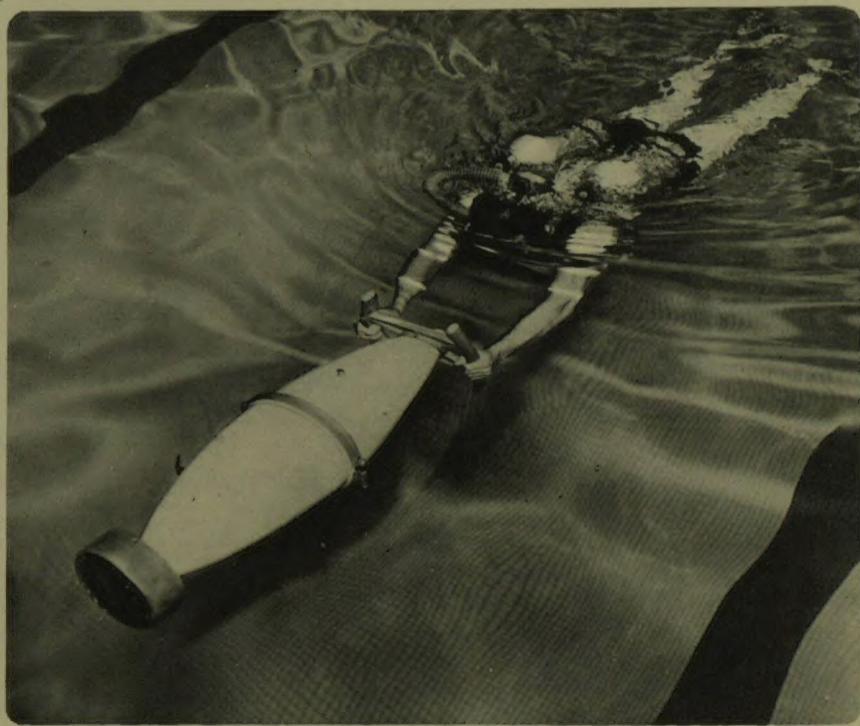


ITALY. THE END OF THE 1957 CAPRI TO NAPLES SWIMMING RACE: THE WINNER, D. GUTIERREZ OF MEXICO (RIGHT), GREETING THE RUNNER-UP, A. CAMARERO OF THE ARGENTINE. D. GUTIERREZ COVERED THE DISTANCE OF 19.5 NAUTICAL MILES IN 8 HRS. 58 MINS. 28 SECS.



BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA. AT THE START OF A PRELIMINARY HEAT IN THE ALL-AMERICAN SOAP-BOX DERBY: COMPETITORS IN THEIR HOME-MADE AND DESIGNED CARS.

At the end of this month the finals of the All-American Soap-Box Derby (organised by General Motors) are to be held at Akron, Ohio. Preliminaries have been run off at many points, including Mission City, B.C., where this photograph was taken. Competitors must be aged between eleven and fifteen, and must have designed and built their own cars, the motive power being gravity.



NEW YORK, U.S.A. BEING DEMONSTRATED IN A NEW YORK SWIMMING-POOL: THE LINK POWER DIVER—A SELF-POWERED PROPULSION UNIT WHICH IS EASILY MANEUVRABLE AND CAN BE PUT TO MANY USES BY THE SKIN DIVER.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



NEW HAMPSHIRE, U.S.A. UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN AMERICA: THE HUGE TRANSLUCENT PLASTIC ROOF WHICH IS TO COVER THE U.S. PAVILION AT THE 1958 BRUSSELS EXHIBITION. The United States Pavilion at the 1958 Brussels Exhibition is to be a circular building and is to be covered by this suspended plastic roof. The roof is more than 340 ft. in diameter and is composed of 2100 panels. The Pavilion is designed by Mr. Edward D. Stone.



MICHIGAN, U.S.A. NEARING COMPLETION: THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE STRAITS OF MACKINAC, WHICH WILL BE THE SECOND LONGEST SUSPENSION BRIDGE IN THE WORLD. There is a distance of 3800 ft. between the suspension towers of the Mackinac Bridge, only 400 ft. less than the span of the San Francisco Golden Gate Bridge. The Mackinac Bridge is due to be opened in November and will have cost some 180,000,000 dollars.



MOSCOW, U.S.S.R. AT THE OPENING OF THE SIXTH WORLD FESTIVAL OF YOUTH AND STUDENTS IN MOSCOW ON JULY 28: THE BRITISH DELEGATION MARCHING THROUGH THE LENIN STADIUM.



MOSCOW, U.S.S.R. ON THEIR WAY TO THE OPENING CEREMONY: MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH DELEGATION TO THE WORLD FESTIVAL OF YOUTH AND STUDENTS. Some 1300 delegates from Great Britain were present in Moscow's Lenin Stadium on July 28 for the opening ceremony of the sixth World Festival of Youth and Students. The ceremony lasted more than six hours and included a speech from President Voroshilov.



NIJMEGEN, HOLLAND. TAKING PART IN THE 41ST INTERNATIONAL FOUR-DAY MARCHES: THE CONTINGENT OF THE NEW WEST GERMAN BUNDESWEHR MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF NIJMEGEN. The contingent from the West German Bundeswehr in the 41st International Four-Day Marches, which began at Nijmegen on July 23, were the first German troops to set foot in Holland since the end of the war. Great Britain was represented by contingents from the 44th Independent Parachute Brigade Group, T.A.



WEST GERMANY. NOW BEING WORN BY MEMBERS OF THE WEST GERMAN BUNDESWEHR: THE AMENDED DESIGN OF THE SILVER-GREY UNIFORM JACKET, WHICH IS SINGLE-BREasted AND HAS FOUR OUTSIDE POCKETS. THE OFFICER'S PATTERN IS SHOWN HERE.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



MEXICO. SEARCHING FOR VICTIMS AND SURVIVORS: RESCUE WORKERS DIGGING IN THE RUBBLE OF A FIVE-STOREY BUILDING DESTROYED IN THE MEXICO CITY EARTHQUAKE ON JULY 28.



WHERE AT LEAST NINE PEOPLE WERE KILLED: THE RUINS OF ANOTHER MEXICO CITY APARTMENT HOUSE BEING SEARCHED BY RESCUE WORKERS.



SEVERELY BATTERED BY THE EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS: A NEW MULTI-STOREY BUILDING—ITS ROOF AND PENTHOUSE DESTROYED AND MOST OF THE GLASS SHATTERED.



A FAMOUS MEXICO CITY LANDMARK SEVERELY DAMAGED: THE MONUMENT TO INDEPENDENCE FROM WHICH THE ANGEL STATUE HAD FALLEN.



ANOTHER VICTIM OF WHAT HAS BEEN DESCRIBED AS MEXICO CITY'S SEVEREST EARTHQUAKE IN MEMORY: THE RUINS OF A FOUR-STOREY APARTMENT HOUSE.



HURLED FROM ITS COLUMN BY THE FORCE OF THE EARTHQUAKE: THE SHATTERED REMAINS OF THE GILDED ANGEL STATUE FROM THE MONUMENT OF INDEPENDENCE IN MEXICO CITY.

In the early hours of July 28 an exceptionally severe earthquake shook Mexico City and a number of towns and villages to the south of the capital. Heavy damage and casualties were caused by a series of shocks, and at the time of writing the number of dead was put at fifty-five, and many were still missing. The Mexico City Seismograph Bureau registered a reading of seven on the Mercalli scale, which has a maximum of ten. A number of tall buildings



SYMBOLIC OF THE HEAVY DAMAGE INFILCTED ON MEXICO CITY: A SEVERED ARM FROM THE ANGEL STATUE LYING ON THE GROUND AT THE FOOT OF THE MONUMENT.

were among those destroyed or severely damaged in Mexico City, though a new forty-four-storey office building, designed to withstand earthquakes, survived this severe test well. The people of Mexico City were particularly dismayed by the heavy damage inflicted on the Monument of Independence, in the Paseo de la Reforma. The 20-ft.-high statue of an angel was hurled from the 150-ft.-high column and lay shattered on the pavement below.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



JAMESTOWN, U.S.A. IN THE RECONSTRUCTED STRONGHOLD OF 1607: A VIEW OF SOME OF THE WATTLE AND DAUB STRUCTURES IN JAMES FORT.



REPRESENTING THE EARLY DEFENDERS OF JAMESTOWN: COSTUMED SOLDIERS, OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY COMMAND, FROM FORT MONROE, MOUNTING GUARD.



IN THE FESTIVAL PARK: AN INDIAN GIRL, SILVER STAR, SITTING INSIDE POWHATAN'S LODGE—A RECONSTRUCTED INDIAN CEREMONIAL LODGE.

AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO JAMES FORT: TWO COSTUMED SOLDIERS STANDING GUARD WITH CROSSED HALBERDS.

RE-ENACTING AN OLD FORM OF PUNISHMENT: A SOLDIER PUTTING A COLONIST INTO THE STOCKS BEFORE THE GUARDHOUSE IN THE FULL-SIZE RECONSTRUCTION OF JAMES FORT.



A RECONSTRUCTION OF WHAT HAS BEEN CALLED "AMERICA'S FIRST FACTORY": THE GLASSHOUSE WHERE CRAFTSMEN ARE USING SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY GLASS-BLOWING TECHNIQUES.

People from all over the world are visiting Jamestown, Virginia, where the great Jamestown Festival is being held to mark the 350th anniversary of the first permanent British settlement in the New World. A goodwill mission from Britain, bearing a message of greetings from the Queen, attended the opening of the Festival on April 1. Since then it has been announced that her Majesty, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, will visit Jamestown on October 16 at the start of her visit to the United States. In the Jamestown Festival Park the Commonwealth of Virginia is presenting a continuing state historical exhibit



BRINGING THE PAST TO LIFE: THE RECONSTRUCTED CHURCH, APPROXIMATING TO THAT OF 1610 IN WHICH THE ENGLISH SETTLERS THEN WORSHIPPED.

of the first permanent British settlement overseas. A feature of the great exhibition, which took four years to plan, is a full-size reconstruction of James Fort in Jamestown Festival Park, which is a mile from the original location, and based on records left by the settlers. The buildings are wattle and daub structures of seventeenth-century type. The Festival events in the beautifully landscaped park include pageantry, ceremonials, parades, music and drama, exhibits of art and history, and entertainment. The British exhibits are in the "Old World Heritage" pavilion built for them by the state of Virginia.

SUCCESSOR TO CAIRO'S WORLD-FAMOUS HOTEL:  
THE NEW SHEPHEARD'S ON THE NILE'S BANK.



ON THE EAST BANK OF THE NILE ADJACENT TO THE SEMIRAMIS HOTEL: A VIEW OF THE NEW NINE-STOREY SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL.



AFTER THE 1952 RIOTS: THE RUINS OF THE FAMOUS OLD SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL WHICH STOOD IN THE CENTRE OF CAIRO.



OFFICIALLY OPENED ON JULY 20: THE NEW SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, SHOWING ITS RIVERSIDE FRONTAGE. IT HAS 270 ROOMS, ALL OF WHICH ARE AIR-CONDITIONED.



INSIDE THE NEWLY-OPENED SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL: A VIEW OF THE LARGE AIR-CONDITIONED LOUNGE. THE ORIGINAL HOTEL WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1841 BY AN ENGLISHMAN CALLED SAMUEL SHEPHEARD.



WITH ITS MODERN LIGHTING AND DECORATIONS, COMFORTABLY UPHOLSTERED CHAIRS AND GRAND PIANO: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE LARGE LOUNGE IN SHEPHEARD'S.



NOT YET COMPLETED: THE DINING-ROOM IN THE NEW SHEPHEARD'S AS IT WILL APPEAR.



MUCH LARGER AND MORE MODERN THAN ITS PREDECESSOR: THE NEW SHEPHEARD'S, SHOWING THE ENTRANCE HALL.



WITH ITS LARGE GLASS DOORS: THE RIVERSIDE ENTRANCE TO THE BAR.

In 1841, twenty-eight years before the Suez Canal was opened, an Englishman called Samuel Shepheard established an hotel in Cairo which was to become world-famous. It was originally called "The New British Hotel" but this was later changed to the name by which it became universally known. In January 1952 Shepheard's was destroyed during the riots when it was burned to the ground with some loss of life. On July 20 a new Shepheard's Hotel

was opened in Cairo. This modern nine-storey building is not in the centre of the city, as was its famous predecessor, but stands on the east bank of the Nile adjacent to the Semiramis Hotel, which during the war was the headquarters of British troops in Egypt. The opening of the new and much larger Shepheard's was, however, more symbolic than real, for much of it has not yet been completed, although one floor has been opened.



## SYMBOL AND CLOWNS OF THE ANTARCTIC: PENGUINS, THE MOST FRIENDLY

Nearly everybody loves penguins, although most people have only had a nodding acquaintance with them in zoos. Those who have been lucky enough to meet penguins in their natural habitat praise their friendliness to intruders, their amusing appearance and the winter sports in which they delight to indulge undeterred by a human audience. The Duke of Edinburgh met a great many penguins during his recent visit to the Antarctic continent and its off-lying islands, and was fascinated by their charm and social and domestic habits though, together with the rest of his party, he found it better to stay up-wind of them as penguin rookeries can be smelt at a very great distance! The seventeen known species of penguin belong entirely to the Southern Hemisphere,

where, they range from the Antarctic continent northwards, those living on the Galapagos Islands being almost on the equator. There is no good reason why penguins should not range further north into the Northern Hemisphere, but that is only one of their many peculiarities. Their home is in the sea, so that they stand in much the same relation to the water as the birds as seals do to the mammals. They are all flightless, and although so agile and graceful in the water, swimming and diving with ease, they are apt to cut a quaint figure on land, with their waddling walk. It is perhaps because they present something near to a caricature of ourselves, coupled with their inoffensive, even friendly disposition, which makes them such firm

Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, F.R.S.A.

## OF ALL COMMUNITIES OF BIRDS, WHICH HAVE LITTLE FEAR OF MAN.

favoured in zoos and in the wild. Like ourselves, too, they are strongly gregarious, and, more especially in the case of their young, show a marked, if simple, form of organization, consisting of a loose species. In taking to the water, as in aquatic life, feeding on fish (except the Adelie penguins which feed on small crustaceans) their bodies have assumed many changes. They are, in fact, the strangest and most bizarre of all birds. Their legs are short and thick, and set well back causing them to walk upright. Their paddle-like wings are stiff from the shoulder and cannot be folded up as in other birds. They have no quills and their bodies are covered with small, scale-like feathers. In spite of these physical disadvantages, reflected in their awkward gait while

on land, they are capable pedestrians. Indeed, they need to be, for living as they do in crowded rookeries there is not room for all of them at the water's edge. Those wandering inland must often climb, sometimes up precipitous rocks, to a height of a thousand feet. Their climbing is, however, not always from force of circumstances and Antarctic penguins have their own winter sports. They will spend hours climbing up the ice and tobogganing down. During the International Geophysical Year, which started officially at midnight on June 30, expeditions from twelve countries, including the United Kingdom, are being established in Antarctica so it is likely that the penguins will observe, and be observed by, more human beings than ever before.

with the co-operation of Dr. Maurice Burton.

## A GREAT ENGINEER AND AN OUTSTANDING PERSONALITY.

"ISAMBARD KINGDOM BRUNEL; A BIOGRAPHY." By L. T. C. ROLT.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

IN the preface to his fascinating, stimulating, exciting and even entertaining new biography, Mr. Rolt remarks on the singular way in which the personalities and lives even of the most renowned of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century engineers have been neglected. "Much," he says, "has been written about this Industrial Revolution, as we call it, but the effect of most of this writing is curiously impersonal and therefore unreal. It is as though the Revolution was the product of some *deus ex machina* or of some corporate act of will on the part of a whole people. For if the fathers of the Revolution are mentioned at all they appear only as shadows. Brindley, Telford, the Stephensons, Brunel—their names may be celebrated, we may even know a little of what they did, but they are still only names. We do not know what sort of men they were or what impulses drove them on their momentous course. The reason is that they have been almost totally ignored by the serious biographer, whereas one could point to many a historical figure who scarcely caused a ripple on the surface of world history, and yet has a bibliography to his credit which would fill a fair-sized bookshelf." The answers may be numerous. One of them, I am sure, is that the sort of people who write books are peculiarly sensitive to the smoke, the ugliness, the slag-heaps, and, above all, the noise which the Industrial Revolution brought with it. At this very moment of writing, on the village green, beneath my study-window, a jangling juggernaut is roaring round cutting the grass—which might, I think, have been "saved" for hay. My enthusiasm for engineering, revived by Mr. Rolt's splendid book, when I thought it had died long ago, is sadly diminished by this monstrous din.

However, there are engineers and engineers. Had Brunel lived to invent a motor-bicycle, he would have insisted on its being fitted with a silencer—born later he would have contrived an aeroplane, also with a silencer. For he was not only an engineer, and perhaps the greatest of all great engineers, but a civilised man and an artist. To anybody brought up on the Western end of Brunel's Great Western Railway, his was certainly a famous name: he constructed, amongst other things, that superb Saltash Bridge which is "the gateway to Cornwall," the towering great viaduct at Ivybridge, and those thirty-odd viaducts at the Cornish end, which were all originally wooden, and might still be so were it not that nowadays replacements cannot be found of such durable timber as was available in Brunel's day. But the Great Western Railway, for the whole of which, including the Box Tunnel, he was responsible (from ground-surveying to completion), was merely one of his multifarious creations, at home and abroad. He began his professional career as engineer-in-charge of the Rotherhithe Tunnel, designed by his father, Marc Brunel, a French refugee with centuries of Norman farmers behind him. It was called "The Great Bore" by the sort of jealous critics who can never bear the existence of a great man who is able to "make rings round them." Later, he designed, amongst countless other things, the exquisite

Clifton Suspension Bridge—of which an excellent water-colour by him is reproduced in this book, accompanied by an incredible Gothic sketch by old Telford, formerly so sensible, with

The *Great Eastern* had an unfortunate start. In the first place she was built on the Thames, an expensive place on which to build an iron ship. In the second place, because of gradients, she had to be launched sideways. In the third place, when Brunel had envisaged a launching in silence with few people except the privileged and the gang in charge present, he found, to his dismay, that the yard was packed to suffocation by a mob who had been sold tickets by the directors who had been grossly misled and swindled by the plausible rascal who had undertaken the actual building, and later claimed that Brunel had merely thought of a gigantic ship but that the whole of the designing was his. An elderly Irish labourer, who was not even locally employed, sat or stood upon the handle of a winch, and, when the winch started revolving, was flung, mutilated, above the heads of the crowd, taken to hospital, and died. Later, on the ship's first cruise, there was an explosion (due, apparently, to the machinations of Brunel's crafty rival) which killed several people. Brunel, who had worn himself to death in supervision of his masterpiece, going without sleep, food, shelter and, in fact, everything except cigars, did not live to see his great vessel set out on her maiden voyage across the Atlantic.

Mr. Rolt says: "Although I have always admired Brunel's work, my inquiry was inspired by curiosity and not by hero-worship. But the further I went the clearer did it seem to me that, large though the achievement was, the man was larger still. Brunel, in fact, was more than a great engineer; he was an artist and a visionary, a great man with a strangely magnetic personality which uniquely distinguished him even in that age of powerful individualism in which he moved. To learn something about such a man, about his private thoughts, his hopes and ambitions and about the spirit which drove him, is to know a little more about the sources from which the greatest of all revolutions derived its dynamic strength."

Mr. Rolt may not have looked for a hero, but he certainly found one. He has had the advantage of consulting diaries and other papers in the possession of Brunel's descendants—the male line died out with his two sons—and he has unveiled the most remarkable creature. He wrote the most fluent prose, and could, on occasion, be satirical or jocular, in a thoroughly Dickensian way. He was endlessly resourceful when confronted with problems. He foreshadowed inventions not to be publicly revealed for a century after his life had ended. He was gay, restless, and tireless. And when he was given notice of death he faced Death as he had faced every other tiresome difficulty—without a qualm or a quiver.

Mr. Rolt has put Brunel on the map not merely as a name but as a person. In future I shall never have to hesitate as to what to give a boy, even a boy without mechanical aptitudes, as a present. Brunel seems to me the nearest thing we have produced to Leonardo da Vinci. It is true he was half a Norman; but aren't we all?

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 246 of this issue



"A SIGHT WHICH HER CREATOR DID NOT LIVE TO SEE": THE GREAT EASTERN SAILING FROM SOUTHAMPTON ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE TO NEW YORK IN 1860.

(From "The Illustrated London News.")



JOHN SCOTT RUSSELL, BRUNEL'S PARTNER IN THE BUILDING OF THE GREAT EASTERN. THE TWO MEN HAD MANY DISAGREEMENTS. RUSSELL WAS DISMISSED BY THE GREAT SHIP COMPANY BEFORE THE VESSEL WAS FINISHED.



ISAMBARD KINGDOM BRUNEL: AN ENGRAVING FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE LAST YEAR OF HIS LIFE.



A PAINTING OF HIS DESIGN FOR CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE: A WATER-COLOUR BY I. K. BRUNEL. The illustrations on this page are reproduced from "Isambard Kingdom Brunel; A Biography," by courtesy of the publishers, Longmans, Green and Co.

pinnacled piers looking like attenuated versions of Boston Stump. And he ended with, and was killed by, his most magnificent conception, the *Great Eastern*, the biggest steamship ever conceived, and known as the Great Leviathan, and, to an American correspondent, as "your mammoth."



THE SESSION OF THE TUNISIAN ASSEMBLY AT WHICH THE MONARCHY WAS ABOLISHED: MR. BOURGUIBA, WITH ARMS FOLDED, IS IN THE FOREGROUND.



BEFORE THE ASSEMBLY'S DECISION TO ABOLISH THE MONARCHY: MR. BOURGUIBA, LEFT CENTRE, ACCLAIMED BY THE CROWDS.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE ASSEMBLY ASKING MR. BOURGUIBA IF HE WILL TAKE THE OFFICE OF PRESIDENT.



AFTER THEY HAD ELECTED THEIR FIRST PRESIDENT: MEMBERS OF THE ASSEMBLY STAND TO ACCLAIM MR. BOURGUIBA (LEFT CENTRE).



LISTENING TO THE HISTORIC MEETING OF THE CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY IN THE BARDI PALACE: WIVES OF TUNISIAN LEADERS.

On July 25 the Tunisian Constituent Assembly, at a special session held in the Bardo Palace outside Tunis, voted unanimously to abolish the monarchy, to proclaim a Republic and to elect Mr. Habib Bourguiba as the first President of Tunisia. Mr. Bourguiba is a powerful personality; he is to continue to hold office as Prime Minister and is leader of the National Front party (the Neo-Destour). After the decision to proclaim a republic the former monarch, the



QUEUING TO CONGRATULATE THE NEW PRESIDENT ON HIS ELECTION: FIRST IN THE LINE IS MR. BOURGUIBA'S WIFE.

Bey, and the Crown Prince were placed in enforced residence in a villa on the outskirts of Tunis. Mr. Bourguiba said that no form of vengeance was to be taken against the Bey or his family. The Tunisian Royal family is believed to be descended from a native of Crete, and since Tunisia became independent the Bey has played little part in affairs of State. In the first General Election in 1956 the Neo-Destour party won all ninety-eight seats.

THE old-world charm of the older parts of Harwich is marred because a number of properties have fallen into a state of advanced disrepair and decay. The Borough Council has prepared schemes for demolition and rebuilding and although as yet no final details of the rebuilding programme have been published there has been considerable anxiety in some quarters lest the character of the town should be changed for the worse by future alterations. The plans prepared by the Borough Council for these areas have, however, received the approval of the Royal Fine Art Commission. Although the problem of the restoration or replacement of the older parts of the town has been recognised for a number of years now, the Council can neither compulsorily acquire private properties on the sites intended for redevelopment nor go ahead with demolition and replacement. The Essex County Development Plan has received official approval. If the Harwich development scheme is linked with that for Essex the Council would be able to obtain a substantial grant. The Council have marked out five areas in which it is intended development may take place, and a compulsory purchase order for Area Number One is to be sent to the Minister of Housing and Local Government for approval. In this area there

[Continued below, centre.]



A REMINDER OF BYGONE TIMES: CHURCH STREET, HARWICH. SOME OF THESE PROPERTIES MAY BE DEMOLISHED.



(Above)  
A CHARMING PART OF  
OLD HARWICH: KING'S  
QUAY STREET, THE  
APPEARANCE OF WHICH  
MAY ALSO BE ALTERED  
BY NEW BUILDING.



PART OF HARWICH PIER, RIGHT. BEYOND, ALSO ON THE RIGHT, IS THE TOWN HALL, FORMERLY THE GREAT EASTERN HOTEL.

Continued.  
are still a number of properties which have not yet been acquired by the Council. That these picturesque parts of Harwich have been so neglected is partly accounted for by the fact that the Council has been devoting a great deal of attention to developing Doverscourt, the pleasant, modern part of the Borough which offers many seaside facilities. The older part of the town has tended to lose much of its importance since Parkstone Quay for Commissioners' boats was built further downstream. A number of plans for the preservation of the old parts of Harwich have been prepared by bodies such as the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, but these have come to nothing through lack of sufficient financial support. Approval of the Essex County Plan has been awaited for a long time, and it was recently stated by a member of the Council that it would probably be given this autumn.



A NOT UNCOMMON SIGHT: DILAPIDATED BUILDINGS. SOME OF THESE, IN KING'S HEAD STREET, ARE TO BE DEMOLISHED

WHERE A NUMBER OF PROPERTIES HAVE FALLEN INTO A STATE OF DISREPAIR AND WHERE REBUILDING HAS LONG BEEN PLANNED: SOME OF THE OLDER PARTS OF HARWICH.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.

ROYAL OCCASIONS; SIR WINSTON AT A  
GUILDHALL DINNER; AND AN ARRIVAL.



(Above.)  
APPEARING AT THE SEARCH-LIGHT TATTOO AT THE WHITE CITY (AUGUST 7-16): A GROUP OF SPAHIS, PART OF THE FRENCH CONTINGENT.

A detachment of Spahis—native cavalrymen from North Africa—forms part of the French contingent, which with British and American troops, is appearing at the Searchlight Tattoo at the White City. Above they are seen leaving a train on their arrival in London.

(Right.)  
CULMINATION OF THE VISIT TO BRITAIN BY THE AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION: THE DINNER AT GUILDHALL AT WHICH SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL WAS A GUEST OF HONOUR.

On July 31 the visit to Britain by members of the American Bar Association culminated in a dinner at Guildhall given to them by the Law Society. Sir Winston Churchill, who was accompanied by Lady Churchill, was a guest of honour and proposed the toast "The legal profession." Sir Winston spoke of the visit of the American Bar Association as a compliment of which we were deeply sensible. In his speech Sir Winston declared that if the United Nations Assembly continued to take decisions on grounds of enmity, opportunism or merely jealousy and petulance, the whole structure might be brought to nothing. Photographs of the visit to Britain of the American Bar Association appeared in our last issue, dated August 3.



AFTER THE VICTORY OF THE QUEEN'S FILLY ALMERIA AT GOODWOOD: HER MAJESTY IN THE WINNER'S UNSADDLING ENCLOSURE.  
On July 30 the Queen's filly *Almeria* won the Bentinck Stakes at Goodwood. A great cheer from the crowd greeted the victory of her Majesty's horse, which placed the Queen at the head of the winning owners' list again.



GUESTS OF HONOUR: SIR WINSTON AND LADY CHURCHILL ARRIVING AT GUILDHALL FOR THE DINNER GIVEN BY THE LAW SOCIETY TO THE AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION.



AFTER A 10-MINUTE TECHNICAL HITCH: H.M.S. JAGUAR SLIDING DOWN THE SLIPWAY AT HER LAUNCHING.  
On July 30 Princess Alexandra of Kent named H.M.S. *Jaguar*, an anti-aircraft frigate of the *Leopard* class, at its launching at Dumbarton. A technical hitch caused a 10-minute delay in the ceremony.



THE SHIP THAT REFUSED TO BE LAUNCHED: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA PUSHING THE BOW OF JAGUAR WHEN THE SHIP FAILED TO MOVE INTO THE WATER AFTER BEING NAMED.

IN CAMP AT WINDSOR: GIRL  
GUIDES FROM 69 NATIONS.



AMONG 4000 GIRL GUIDES FROM SIXTY-NINE NATIONS IN CAMP AT WINDSOR GREAT PARK: TWO CAMPERS FROM SOUTHERN RHODESIA FETCHING WATER.



AT THE OFFICIAL OPENING OF THE GUIDE WORLD CAMP ON JULY 30: THE WORLD CHIEF GUIDE, OLAVE, LADY BADEN-POWELL, ACKNOWLEDGING HER WELCOME.



HERE TO HONOUR THE CENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF LORD BADEN-POWELL: THE GIRL GUIDES ASSEMBLED FOR THE OPENING CEREMONY AT WINDSOR LISTENING TO THE SPEECH OF HIS WIDOW, OLAVE, LADY BADEN-POWELL.



INTERNATIONAL CO-OPERATION IN DOING THE CAMP CHORES: GUIDES FROM (L. TO R.) GLASGOW, MEXICO, SWEDEN AND THE PHILIPPINES, GOING TO FETCH WATER.



MEMBERS OF A WORLD-WIDE ORGANISATION GATHERED TO HONOUR THEIR FOUNDER: A GROUP OF GUIDES AT WINDSOR.

Some 4000 Girl Guides, representing sixty-nine nations, assembled in the Guide World Camp at Windsor Great Park between July 26 and 29. They had come from far and near to honour the centenary of the birth of Lord Baden-Powell (1857-1941), who, with his sister, Miss Agnes Baden-Powell, founded the Girl Guides movement in 1910, two years after his foundation of the Boy Scouts movement. On July 30 Olave, Lady Baden-Powell,

World Chief Guide and widow of Lord Baden-Powell, performed the official opening ceremony of the camp at Windsor. On August 1 the Princess Royal, who is President of the Girl Guides Association, visited the camp and saw the many varied facilities arranged for the campers, which included a Camp Market where the Guides could buy a host of things, among them lettered rock from the "World Camp, Windsor."



THE trouble with dictionaries, encyclopædias and all such works of reference is that once you put your nose into them for a particular reason you are liable to keep it there for a long time, turning over page after page and pursuing all kinds of obscure hares until you have forgotten your original purpose: This must be a common experience with all who allow themselves to consult a dictionary when struggling with a crossword puzzle; purists call it cheating, while I merely use it as a device to escape from an exasperating problem which I have failed to solve. The point is that you are led on and on, and so it is with this third volume of *The Connoisseur* "Concise Encyclopædia of Antiques." \*

You acquire the most diverse information on out-of-the-way subjects—how diverse I'm now testing for myself by turning pages at random. Thus: the central chandelier in the Banqueting Room at the Brighton Pavilion was made in 1817, weighs nearly a ton and together with four smaller ones in the same room cost over £5000. In England alabaster was first used decoratively round about A.D. 1160 on the west door of Tutbury's Norman parish church in Staffordshire. In the Middle Ages seals on documents were made of beeswax mixed with resin; sealing wax is made of shellac, a material that began to be imported from

parlour game. It contains twenty-seven articles by various people and masses of illustrations upon subjects as diverse as Victorian Furniture, American Prints, Fire-Backs and Fire-Dogs, Nottingham Alabaster Carvings, and Model Soldiers. Of the less ordinary themes I found the piece about eighteenth-century Viennese furniture by Dr. Windisch-Graetz, Keeper of the Woodwork Department of the Oesterreichisches Museum, a most judicious survey of French and Italian influences upon the local style.

Hugh Honour provides a sparkling account of English Garden Statuary, which first became popular in the sixteenth century, was essential for any garden of quality after the Restoration, and rather fell out of favour when Capability Brown

## AN OMNIUM GATHERUM.

A Review by FRANK DAVIS.

proceeding by way of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century fire-backs *via* the hearth at the Victoria and Albert Museum with its varied equipment to the fire-place in the kitchen of the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, which attracts so many thousands of visitors each year. A similarly ingenious choice of photographs illustrates, by means of seven examples, the development of English bookbindings.

A note on Victorian Furniture is particularly welcome, because, as Peter Floud points out, all standard works on the history of furniture stop at 1830; "yet it is probable that 50 per cent. of all the furniture ever made in this country was made during the sixty-four years of Victoria's reign and that even to-day perhaps 20 per cent. of all surviving furniture dates from those years." It occurs to me that he might have gone further and noted that a good proportion of what passes for late eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century furniture is also Victorian, and very well made, too. It is a most interesting review of the period, and "the problem of research is aggravated by the appearance for the first time after 1850 of two separate streams: namely, the *avant-garde* [what would to-day be called the "contemporary"] furniture, consciously produced by designers from outside the ranks of the trade—often inspired by a missionary



ILLUSTRATING BERNARD HUGHES' ARTICLE IN THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA ON "OLD ENGLISH PLAYING-CARDS": LINE DRAWINGS OF FOUR TYPICAL 16TH-CENTURY HAND-PAINTED COURT CARDS.

began to rearrange all the best parks, though it was still required for temple and doorway and at the end of grass paths beneath the trees. Lead, as a material, was much appreciated in the early eighteenth century because it was comparatively cheap and, instead of disintegrating under changes of temperature, actually improved in appearance owing to patination. When it is placed indoors it seems curiously lifeless and disagreeable (as anyone can see for himself at the Tate Gallery), but outside, though it lacks the subtlety of bronze or marble, it is well enough, as William Shenstone pointed out as long ago as the 1760's. "I wonder that lead statues are not more in vogue in our modern gardens. Though they may not express the finer lines of an human body, yet they seem perfectly well calculated, on account of their duration, to embellish landskips, were they some degrees inferior to what we generally behold. A statue in a room challenges examination and is to be examined critically as a statue. A statue in a garden is to be considered as one part of a scene or landskip."



IN THE COURTYARD OF SACKVILLE COLLEGE, EAST GRINSTEAD: A LEAD RAINWATER CISTERNS, DATED 1725—A PARTICULARLY FINE EXAMPLE ILLUSTRATING HUGH HONOUR'S ARTICLE ON "GARDEN STATUARY AND FURNITURE" IN THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

the East in the sixteenth century. One of the oldest fragments of wallpaper to be discovered *in situ* (at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1911) has a textile pattern and was printed by means of a wood block on the back of a Royal Proclamation of 1509. Coade stone, a moulded artificial stone, invented in the late 1760's, caused a minor revolution in garden sculpture: the Coade factory at Lambeth could supply anything from an Ionic capital (ten shillings), or a frieze of griffins (fifteen shillings a foot), to a river god nine feet high, with an urn through which a stream of water may be carried (one hundred guineas).

As entertainment for an idle half hour I am so constituted that I find all this sort of thing at once restful and stimulating, but it would, of course, be wholly unfair to give the impression that this volume, any more than its two previous brethren, was designed to provide the basis for a B.B.C.

From garden to bird prints is no great distance and H. Buchanan's brief note upon the subject contains a useful list of artists, engravers, authors and printers who have had a hand in all the famous bird books of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Among them was Edward Lear who, in addition to his Nonsense Rhymes and limericks, was famous as a bird painter and did many of the drawings for "Gould's Birds," that enormous compilation which was published at intervals between 1831 and 1888.

J. G. Garratt's lengthy note about model soldiers reveals that the elect in this pursuit are not specially interested in the age of their quarry but in its accuracy of representation, that there were numerous collectors' societies in Germany in the 1890's, and that there exists a British Model Soldier Society which issues a bulletin. The section entitled Fire-Backs and Fire-Dogs, by J. K. Morris, contrives the neatest possible summary of the development of fire-irons and hearth impedimenta by means of only ten photographs, beginning with the central hearth at Penshurst Place, Kent, with its double-ended andirons, and

\* "The Concise Encyclopædia of Antiques—Volume III." Edited by L. G. G. Ramsey, F.S.A. With 176 pages of half-tone illustrations and many line drawings. (*The Connoisseur*; 42s.)



A WALNUT BUREAU ON TURNED LEGS, OF c. 1690: ONE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO E. T. JOY'S ARTICLE ON "SMALL FURNITURE OF ALL PERIODS," IN VOLUME III OF THE CONNOISSEUR'S "CONCISE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ANTIQUES," WHICH IS REVIEWED HERE BY FRANK DAVIS. (The Hart Collection.)

zeal to reform public taste—and appealing to a very small educated clientele" (I might add we see a similar phenomenon to-day) "and the enormously larger bulk of trade productions designed anonymously in the studios of the large manufacturers on conservative and traditional lines."

John Munday's section on maps and globes includes what seems to me a remarkably concise and informative note concerning the latter, with the following quotation to introduce the ideals of the mid-eighteenth century. It is from Benjamin Martin's "Description and Use of Both the Globes," about 1758, "The necessity of the Knowledge of the Use of the Globes for easy conception and due understanding of . . . Geography, Astronomy . . . Navigation, Chronology and other liberal sciences is known to everyone, and is the first consideration among those Qualities requisite for forming the Scholar and Gentleman." How many of us, by this high standard, can claim to be either Scholars or Gentlemen to-day?

## 17TH-CENTURY DUTCH AND FLEMISH PAINTINGS.



"RIVER LANDSCAPE," BY SOLOMON VAN RUISDAEL (c. 1600-1676): IN THE EXHIBITION OF "FINE DUTCH AND FLEMISH PAINTINGS" AT THE ALFRED BROD GALLERY, 36, SACKVILLE STREET. (Oil on panel; 11 by 10½ ins.)



"THE NEEDLEWOMAN," A DELIGHTFUL WORK OF 1638 BY DIRCK HALS (1591-1656). (Oil on panel; 15 by 11½ ins.)

## AN ENJOYABLE LONDON SUMMER EXHIBITION.



"STILL-LIFE WITH PEACHES," BY VERMEER VAN Utrecht (c. 1625-70), AN ARTIST WHOSE WORK HAS ONLY RECENTLY BEEN RECOGNISED. (Oil on panel; 18½ by 16½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF AN OLD MAN": AN OUTSTANDING PAINTING BY JAN LIEVENS (1607-1674) WHICH WAS FORMERLY IN A DUTCH COLLECTION. SIGNED AND DATED 1640. (Oil on canvas; 30½ by 26 ins.)



"THE CONVERSATION": A CHARMINGLY PAINTED VILLAGE SCENE, BY DAVID TENIERS THE YOUNGER (1610-96). (Oil on panel; 6½ by 9½ ins.)

"WINTER LANDSCAPE": A MAGNIFICENT RENDERING OF THE BRITTLE ATMOSPHERE OF WINTER BY JACOB VAN RUISDAEL (1629-82). (Oil on canvas; 21½ by 26½ ins.)



"STILL-LIFE," BY GEORG FLEGEL (1563-1638): AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE BY ONE OF THE EARLIEST STILL-LIFE PAINTERS, WHO LIVED IN FRANKFURT. (Oil on canvas; 17½ by 24 ins.)

Still-life, landscape, genre and portraiture are all well represented in Alfred Brod's most enjoyable Summer Exhibition of "Fine Dutch and Flemish Paintings," which continues at 36, Sackville Street, W.1, until August 31. There are some thirty-five paintings providing a broad sweep of many of the delights of the Dutch and Flemish schools of the seventeenth century. It is an exhibition at which interesting and instructive comparisons can be made—as, for instance, between the simple beauty of the early still-life by Georg

Flegel (reproduced above) and the far more sophisticated beauty of still-lifes painted only a generation or so later, such as the one dated 1644, by Willem van Aelst, who was eighteen when he painted it. Another interesting pair is the delightful Dirck Hals shown here, and the less accomplished interior by his nephew, Jan Hals, hung in the same room. The outstanding, and earliest, artist in the Hals family of Haarlem was the great Frans Hals (1580-1666), five of whose sons, including Jan, were also artists. Dirck was his younger brother.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

A FEW days ago I paid, with two friends, a brief, late - afternoon visit to Kew Gardens. It was several years, I am ashamed to say, since I was last there, and although I had very little time for exploration, I saw a great deal to admire, several features which were new to me, and many plants of special interest to me personally. I have known Kew for a very long time, and I must say that never have I seen the gardens looking so beautiful, nor the inmates (vegetable) looking so prosperous and so full of the joy of life.

One feature which was quite new to me and which impressed and delighted me greatly was the regiment of the "Queen's Beasts." I had often wondered what had happened to the dozen or so greater heraldic creatures which were lined up on guard outside Westminster Abbey at the time of the Coronation. Apparently the originals were modelled in plaster. Later some far-seeing public benefactor—I was not told who it was—had them reproduced, carved in stone, and now they have found a permanent—and, to my mind—a delightful and appropriate setting at Kew, ranged up along the whole length in front of the Great Palm House, in the very "shadow of the dome of pleasure," a "terror"—if that is the correct collective noun—of gigantic monsters, grim, fantastic and in superb contrast to the sumptuous and brilliantly colourful carpet of formal summer bedding spread out at their feet, between the Palm House and the lake.

Nothing could be more delightfully unreal than those dear "Queen's Beasts"—or than that gorgeous bedding-out. The beasts, of course, have nothing whatever to do with botany or gardening, but then, neither have several other features at Kew—a Greek temple, a Chinese Pagoda and the enchanting grotto of ornamental duck and the pair of black swans on the lake. I went, of course, to watch the duck, moorhens and swans being fed by the public, children of every age, and found those insatiable birds competing, as always, with the fat carps who inhabit the lake, for the buns and loaves of bread thrown to them unceasingly, day in, day out, and every day. I was glad I had taken a supply of stale bread, for I have never tired of throwing hunks, well away from any duck, watching the birds scuttering to get there first, and then, at the last second, seeing the bread sucked in by a monster carp with a rich sound, like that at some city banquet during the oyster course.

My companions being highly interested sightseers rather than specialised gardeners, we naturally visited the Aquatic House to see the giant water-lily of the Amazon, *Victoria regia*, with its great blossoms 1 ft. across, white, fading to pink, and floating leaves 6 ft. across, with their

## KEW GARDENS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

edges upturned 4 or 5 ins., and immensely thick, prickly veins on their underside, which give the leaves such buoyancy that they are capable of supporting a child, if its weight is distributed by a board or two. Perhaps the most astonishing thing about this gigantic water-lily is that, in cultivation, it is treated as an annual, a fresh plant being raised from seed each spring. In its native Amazon it is a perennial.

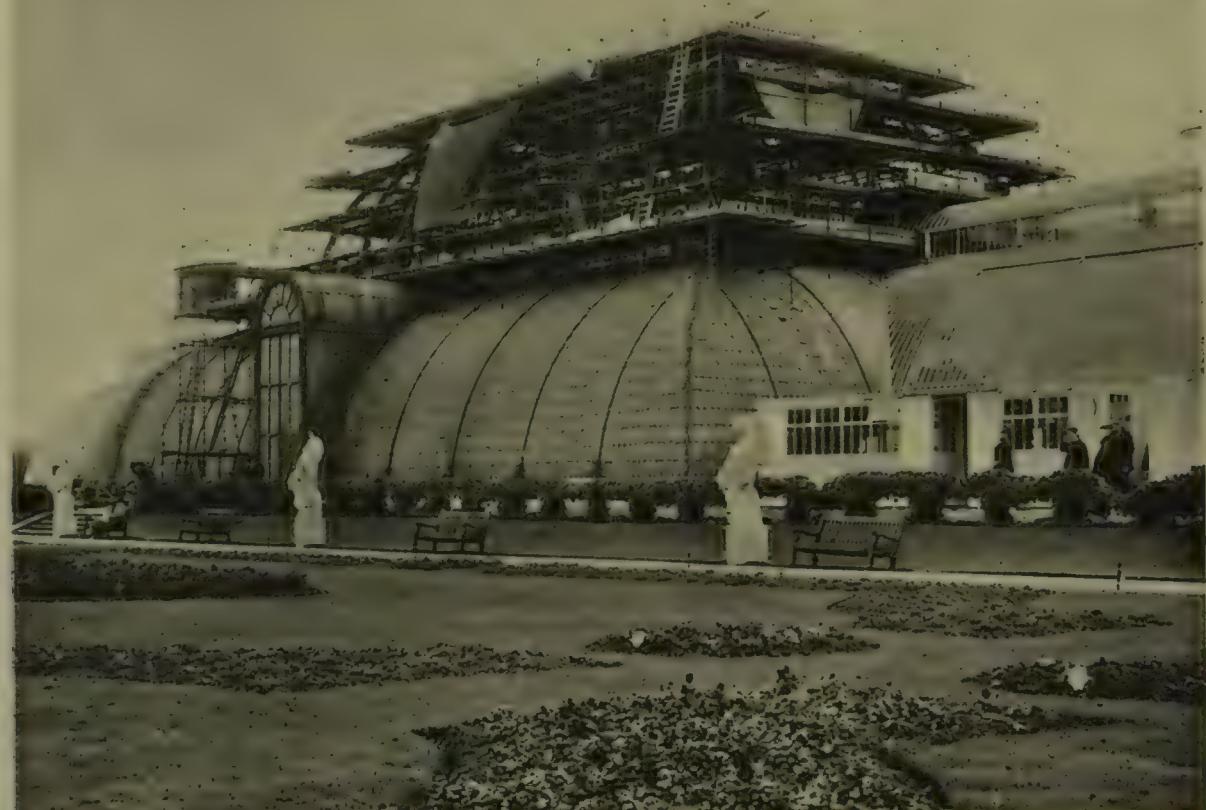
The work of reconstructing the great Palm House has made good progress, and the finished portions looked very fine indeed. But instead of going to see whether one could go inside, I contented myself by trying to estimate what the work must be costing. Not that I care one jot

out, was—quite a lot of money. Since I was last at Kew some important and wholly excellent alterations and additions have been made to the rock garden, and wisely some hard form of sandstone has been used instead of the popular and beautiful water-worn Yorkshire and Westmorland limestone. In, or near, London, or any other large town, as Kew is, this limestone is the worst of all rocks to use, for in a very short time it loses all its beautiful blue-grey colour and bloom, and then the rock garden looks as white and gaunt as a valley of dry bones.

Late July is, of course, a bad time to hope for colour in the rock garden, but on the other hand that is the season at which to keep a sharp look-out for colour when visiting gardens away from home. I was delighted last week to find that one of the most attractive and effective patches of colour in the Kew rock garden was a clump, several feet across, of *Verbena corymbosa*, growing close to the tiny stream which first comes into view as a waterfall, and then meanders through some pleasantly boggy territory. The plant was in full blossom, looking very like a well-flowered clump of cherry pie (heliotrope). And that was exactly how I discovered it in South Chile, on the banks of ditches and streams. How lucky I was to find it, not only in flower but carrying ripe seed, so that I had no difficulty in introducing it to cultivation. *Verbena corymbosa* is a grand plant for the front of the flower border, or for low-lying ground in the rock garden, where it is content with any good loam, and in no way dependent on the damp conditions that I first found it in, and which it is enjoying at Kew.

with such happy results. More than once I have seen this verbena falsely accused of sending out *underground* runners. It does nothing so dangerously deceitful. It certainly sends out runners, rather in the manner of a strawberry, but, as with the strawberry, they are strictly above board and, I would add, the more runners the better, for the plant looks best when flowering in a mass, and the more freely and easily one can propagate it, the better for one's gardening friends.

The Kew rock garden is fortunate in its collection of dwarf conifers, real dwarfs, and specimens, many of which are truly aged veterans, adding probably no more than half an inch to their girth and stature each year, and giving to the general scene a most satisfactory air of solid permanence, especially in winter. There was one superb specimen of a dwarf golden cedar which was new to me, and it struck me as one of the most attractive dwarf gold-tinged conifers I have ever seen, though probably it would become too large for any but such spacious rock gardens as those at Kew or Edinburgh. At Kew I thought it looked magnificent, blandly golden without any suspicion of brassiness.



"RANGED UP ALONG THE WHOLE LENGTH IN FRONT OF THE GREAT PALM HOUSE": SOME OF THE "QUEEN'S BEASTS" IN THEIR DELIGHTFUL AND APPROPRIATE SETTING AT KEW GARDENS. SINCE THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN, WORK ON THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE PALM HOUSE HAS GREATLY ADVANCED AND IS NOW FAST NEARING COMPLETION AND THE FINISHED PORTIONS ARE LOOKING "VERY FINE INDEED."

how much it is costing you, and me, and all of us. But judging by what it cost me recently to buy half a dozen Dutch frame lights, my estimate for the Palm House, as nearly as I could work it

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THE WINCHESTER XI. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, STANDING : D. R. WOOLLEY, J. F. CHARLTON, R. E. F. BALLANTYNE (TWELFTH MAN), R. I. JEFFERSON, J. C. D. TOWNSEND, P. J. L. WRIGHT, V. A. L. POWELL; SITTING : J. R. DINWIDDY, THE NAWAB OF PATAUDI, D. W. S. DUNLOP (CAPTAIN), M. A. P. S. DOWNHAM AND J. D. T. GREENALL.

## A TRAINING GROUND FOR FUTURE TEST CRICKETERS: SCHOOL TEAMS.



THE CHARTERHOUSE XI. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, STANDING : P. L. LEVY, A. A. H. WHITE, M. E. I. A. WELLS, R. J. SUTTON, J. J. ULLMAN, E. J. CRAIG; AND SITTING, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT : R. H. SCLATER, A. T. C. ALLOM, G. E. F. GROSS (CAPTAIN), J. C. W. MURRAY AND D. D. S. COMER.



THE MALVERN XI. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, BACK ROW : T. R. G. CARTER, A. J. S. HENMAN, H. E. BAILEY; CENTRE : I. D. PRESTON-JONES, N. C. NAUMANN, R. P. FRENCH, M. K. S. SHATRUSHALYASINHJI AND R. BEVERIDGE (PROFESSIONAL); FRONT ROW, STANDING : P. G. JAGGER; SEATED : R. J. DEVEREUX, J. M. DAVIES (CAPTAIN) AND J. W. T. WILCOX.



THE BRIGHTON COLLEGE XI THIS SEASON WAS DRAWN FROM THE FOLLOWING. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, STANDING : D. J. MARSHALL, A. G. MERRIFIELD, P. N. DINGEMANS, S. R. G. WHITE, C. C. A. BAGNALL, P. M. LUSH, S. F. GROSE; SITTING : J. M. MORGAN, D. J. PICKERING, M. KEITH (CAPTAIN), R. W. LEWIS AND J. H. SMITH.



THE LEYS SCHOOL XI. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, STANDING : S. C. AMEY, A. J. LEACH, N. G. WHITAKER, D. A. H. GODDARD, D. S. BOUSFIELD, Y. M. MUNJEE; SITTING : P. G. R. RIGG, D. H. R. FAIREY, S. B. TURNER (CAPTAIN), J. P. PASHLEY AND S. G. G. BENSON.

Two school cricket XIs which greatly distinguished themselves this season were Malvern and Winchester. Winchester were unbeaten in all their sixteen fixtures. In their school matches they decisively defeated Marlborough, Sherborne, Harrow and Charterhouse, and were successfully held only by Eton. Their leading batsman, the Nawab of Pataudi, had an impressive average, and the leg-breaks of J. F. Charlton were a source of strength to the side. With six wins and seven draws, Malvern also have an impressive record. The team was notable for its great batting strength and for the fast bowling of N. C. Naumann and the off-breaks of M. K. Shatrushalyasinhji. For Charterhouse the season was not unsuccessful : they won six matches, lost two and drew three. Three out of their fourteen matches had to be abandoned. Out of the twelve matches played by The Leys School, Cambridge, eight were against other schools, and their only defeat of the season was in the match with Oundle. King's School, Canterbury, had a most



THE KING'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY, XI. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, STANDING : B. A. ISBILL, C. W. YATES, D. J. EVANS, A. J. REDPATH, D. G. JONES, W. E. J. MINNS; SITTING : J. A. KEARIN, I. C. POTTER, M. E. W. VINCENT (CAPTAIN), J. P. ROCHE AND R. E. F. MINNS.

satisfactory season, playing their first twelve matches without defeat. Notable performances were the high batting averages of R. E. F. Minns and J. P. Roche, and the most successful bowling of I. C. Potter. Brighton maintained the high standard they have shown in recent seasons, scoring seven wins, three draws and two defeats. Their outstanding batsman is R. W. Lewis and their highly successful bowler, D. J. Pickering. On another page in this issue we reproduce a photograph of the Clifton XI which beat Tonbridge at Lord's on July 30.



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

ONE of the first difficulties in filling this page is to find appropriate photographs. This was particularly so in regard to a request from a correspondent living in Dorset, who wrote, last December, asking for information "as to what the birds actually do when they go to roost in the trees; how they choose their perches; what predilections they have for kinds of tree; when the hen is sitting, does the cock roost close by?" Then the writer added: "I suppose most people know all about these things; but I often find myself wondering as I watch them disappearing in the dusk." Photographing birds approaching or at a roost is not a very easy task.

Another difficulty about answering a question, or series of questions, like this is that it is too often the very everyday things upon which we are so abysmally ignorant. It may be that most people do know all about this particular aspect of bird-life, but it is only in general terms, and what is required here, in answer to this inquiry, is, I imagine, something more detailed. The first point to make is that birds and beasts are very like ourselves—or we are like them, whichever is preferred—in having individual idiosyncrasies and personal likes and dislikes. I have a particular armchair, not necessarily the most comfortable in the room. If another chair were substituted for it, I should adopt that because it is that particular corner of the room that attracts me. Should my favourite armchair be pulled forward a couple of feet, as it sometimes is, I cannot feel fully relaxed until I have pushed it back into its corner.

This is but a commonplace example of something which must be everyday experience to all of us. And always, when we analyse it carefully, we find it is the particular spot, piece of territory, or position in space that matters, and only secondarily the furniture or other objects associated with it. The instinct of territoriality has been shown to be very strong in all animals, and this applies not only to establishing a territory for feeding or breeding purposes, but to favourite corners. Since receiving the letter referred to, I have taken particular note of this among my pets. They have their favourite places for sunbathing, for the siesta, for play, and for the nightly sleep. Should one of them be deprived of a favourite spot or corner, especially if it is the one chosen for the night's sleep, and should its quarters be changed so that it cannot reach that spot or corner, but can still see it, then it never really gets over the loss of it. If the animal is transferred to entirely different quarters, then it goes through the usual routine: it inspects them thoroughly, settles down gradually, and in due course selects another series of favourite spots, for play, siesta, nightly sleep and the rest. This happens if there is complete disruption, but partial disruption, and especially if the favourite corner is still in view, leaves this residual longing.

I have also paid particular attention to the nightly sleeping places. These, I find, are as fixed as my liking for my armchair in its corner, and there is another point about that armchair, which I did not mention: it must be set at a certain angle to the walls forming the corner.

### ROOSTING BIRDS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

Each of our birds has its special roosting-place. Moreover, each bird will always occupy that place perched at the same angle and in the same position in space. It will occupy this favourite spot in the same irrational way that I will insist on my armchair being placed exactly as I like it. It will also, quite irrationally, occupy this favourite spot whatever the weather. Certainly, ordinary rain,

roost communally that it is not easy to keep track of individuals.

My correspondent also asks: what do birds actually do when they go to roost in the trees? The only detailed observation I have made on this was with a flock of greenfinches. It was well before sunset and a crowd of fifty or so had settled in the top of a 50-ft.-high oak. For some time they remained where they had landed. There was little movement among them except that occasionally one or two would move to an adjacent twig. Then four of them flew down to the lower branches of the oak, settled for a moment, and, after this, dived steeply into the undergrowth beneath. The rest came down, at irregular intervals, in ones, twos or threes, either in a steep dive or on an erratic course. The general effect was not unlike leaves falling in the autumn wind.

It was the best part of an hour before all had settled, and during this time new arrivals, usually solitary, came in from the fields around to settle in the top of the oak. Even when the main body had descended into the undergrowth stragglers continued to arrive, and all followed the same routine. They settled in the top of the oak, descended to its lower branches, and thence dived into the undergrowth. There was about the whole proceedings a mixture of gregariousness and solitariness. All were moved by a common purpose; all followed the same pattern of movement in approaching the final roosting place; they seemed to be in company yet each was acting as if alone. They formed a coherent group of solitary individuals.

Within the undergrowth, as dusk thickened, the greenfinches moved about uneasily from twig to twig, in company yet each one solitary. Doubtless each had its favourite spot or corner, and this uneasy movement was no more than the jockeying for position.

It seems to me that these two observations must give us the pattern for the roosting of birds as a whole. Some species are gregarious, some are solitary; some are gregarious outside the breeding season only. There are, in fact, all stages intermediate between the fully solitary and the fully gregarious, but the one factor common to all is probably this love of the favourite spot. It may vary from season to season, but it is always in operation. Thus, in the breeding season, the cock probably has his favourite roosting perch in the vicinity of the nest except where, as in a few species, the cock takes over the brooding at night. Then, when the breeding season ends, and the flocks reform, as in the greenfinches, there would be another favourite perch, but this time it would be within the area occupied by the flock as a whole.

Such a generalisation holds good provided it is always remembered that there are exceptions which overstep its boundaries. Thus, the long-tailed tit has peculiar ideas of comfort. Its brood may number up to twelve, and at night father, mother and the numerous brood all pack themselves into the nest which is about the size of my fist. Wrens have a similar habit outside the breeding season, and fifty or more have been seen to pack in to roost in a small space.



JUST AFTER THE BREEDING SEASON: A MALLARD DUCK AND DRAKE ROOSTING IN A LONDON PARK AT DUSK. THESE DUCK ARE GREGARIOUS FOR A LARGE PART OF THE YEAR, YET ONCE THEY HAVE PAIRED UP THEY APPEAR TO HAVE ONE FAVOURITE ROOSTING-PLACE WHICH THEY ALWAYS OCCUPY.



PREPARING TO ROOST AS NIGHT FALLS: COOT, A GREGARIOUS SPECIES BUT ONE WHICH ROOTS WELL SPACED OUT. IN ORDER TO BE ABLE TO MOVE OFF QUICKLY IN CASE OF DANGER, MOST BIRDS APPEAR TO ROOST SO THAT THEY HAVE SUFFICIENT ROOM TO SPREAD THEIR WINGS QUICKLY SHOULD AN EMERGENCY ARISE.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

wind or snow will not move it, even when the chosen perch is exposed to the weather and there is cover nearby. What happens in raging tempest and deluging rain is another matter: I have made no inspections under these conditions.

Presumably wild birds have these same predilections, but of that it is less easy to be sure. Certainly such conspicuous and solitary birds as owls can be seen to use the same roost, precisely, day after day. On the other hand, so many birds

## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



LEAVING LONDON TO TAKE UP HIS APPOINTMENT AS GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF NEW ZEALAND: LORD COBHAM, WITH HIS FAMILY.

Lord Cobham, whose appointment as Governor-General of New Zealand in succession to General Sir Willoughby Norrie was announced in January, left London on August 2 to take up his appointment. Above he is seen with Lady Cobham and their eight children aboard the liner *Rangitiki* shortly before they sailed. Lord Cobham, a noted cricketer, comes from a family which has been closely associated with New Zealand.



THE NEW GOVERNOR OF HONG KONG:

SIR ROBERT BLACK

Sir Robert Black, Governor and C.-in-C. of Singapore, is to succeed Sir Alexander Grantham as Governor and C.-in-C. of Hong Kong, it was announced on August 1. Sir Robert served under Sir Alexander as Colonial Secretary, Hong Kong, before his appointment to Singapore, where he supervised the preparations for self-government.



AT LINDRICK, NEAR WORKSOP, WHERE THEY PLAYED THE RYDER CUP TEAM BEFORE THE MATCHES IN THE U.S.: THE WALKER CUP TEAM.

The amateur golfers of the Walker Cup Team met the professionals of the Ryder Cup Team at Lindrick, near Worksop, on August 2 and 3. In the Walker Cup Team, above, are: from l. to r., standing, A. F. Bussell, M. F. Bonalack, G. B. Wolstenholme, A. Thirlwell, A. E. Shepperson and D. Sewell; seated, P. F. Scrutton, R. R. Jack, G. H. Micklem (non-playing captain), J. B. Carr, and Dr. F. W. G. Deighton.



(Left.)  
THE REORGANISATION OF ELECTRICITY SUPPLY: SIR H. SELF.  
In the announcement on August 1 by Lord Mills, Minister of Power, about the re-organisation of the electricity supply industry it was stated that Sir Henry Self is to be Chairman of the Electricity Council. He is Deputy Chairman of the Central Electricity Authority. The Council is an advisory body.



THE WINNER OF THE DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE RACE:  
K. COLLINS, OF BERMONDSEY.

On July 29 K. Collins, of Bermondsey, won the 4½-mile race for the Doggett's Coat and Badge, sculled from London Bridge to Chelsea, in a time of 27 minutes 20 seconds. Second was R. Gibbs, Gravesend, who was never far behind Collins throughout the race. It was the 243rd race.



(Right.)  
AN ELECTRICITY BOARD APPOINTMENT:

SIR C. HINTON.  
Sir Christopher Hinton, F.R.S., who has been the Managing Director of the Atomic Energy Authority since 1954, has been appointed Chairman of the Central Electricity Generating Board, it was announced on Aug. 1. The Board will be responsible for building new British nuclear stations.



(Right.)  
THE FIRST MALAYAN HIGH COMMISSIONER:

DATO NIK

Dato Nik Ahmed Kamil has been chosen as the first High Commissioner in London of the Federation of Malaya, it was announced on Aug. 1. The Federation gains independence at the end of this month. He was formerly the Malayan Commissioner in Canberra, and was expected to arrive in London on August 2.



(Left.)  
GUATEMALA'S INTERIM PRESIDENT:  
DR. LUIS ARTURO GONZALES.

Dr. Luis Arturo Gonzales became the interim President of Guatemala following the assassination of President Castillo Armas on July 26. Dr. Gonzales was a strong supporter of the late President and helped him to organise the revolt against the former leader, Colonel Arbenz Guzman, in 1954.



THE WINNERS AT LORD'S AGAINST TONBRIDGE: THE CLIFTON XI.  
On July 30, the second day of the match, Clifton beat Tonbridge at Lord's by 100 runs. The members of the Clifton side photographed above are: from l. to r., standing: G. I. Arthurs, C. H. Pickwood, T. D. Holloway, J. M. Cleese, M. H. Filer, and M. F. King; seated, J. Cotrell, C. J. U. Coates, J. R. Bernard (captain), R. W. Matthias and D. J. Carter.



NEW C.-IN-C., HOME FLEET:

ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM DAVIS.  
Admiral Sir William Davis, Vice-Chief of the Naval Staff from 1954 until May this year, is to succeed Admiral Sir John Eccles as Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet, it was announced on August 2. The appointment takes effect next January. During the war, Admiral Davis served in H.M.S. *Hood*, and at the Admiralty.



AT WIMBLEDON BEFORE LEAVING FOR AMERICA: THE WIGHTMAN CUP TEAM.  
The British Wightman Cup team, which is to play the United States at Sewickley, near Pittsburgh, on August 10 and 11, is thought to be the youngest ever. Seen above, they are, from left to right, Miss C. Truman, Miss S. M. Armstrong, Miss A. Haydon, Mrs. W. C. J. Halford (non-playing captain), Miss S. J. Bloomer and Miss J. A. Shilcock.

HERE AND THERE: A MISCELLANY OF HOME NEWS RECORDED BY THE ROVING CAMERA.



NINETY FEET LONG AND WEIGHING 26 TONS: A STEEL VACUUM DISTILLATION COLUMN, DESIGNED BY HEAD WRIGHTSON PROCESSES LTD., FOR ERECTION AT THE WEASTE REFINERY OF MESSRS. BERRY WIGGINS, SEEN APPROACHING MARBLE ARCH, LONDON.



BEING "WELCOMED" TO ITS NEW SITE BY MR. MOLSON, MINISTER OF WORKS: THE BUXTON MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN. The Buxton Memorial Fountain which formerly stood in Parliament Square, London, as a memorial to the anti-slavery pioneers, was "welcomed" to its new site in Victoria Tower Gardens at a ceremony on July 29 which was attended by Mr. Molson, Minister of Works.



FOR THE CITY OF WINCHESTER, WHICH HITHERTO HAD NO CEREMONIAL SWORD: A SWORD MADE BY THE CROWN JEWELLERS (MESSRS. GARRARD AND CO. LTD.) TO THE ORDER OF COUNCILLORS ERIC AND DILYS NEATE TO COMMEMORATE THEIR SILVER WEDDING.



BEING OPERATED BY THE LANCASHIRE POLICE ON THE BLACKPOOL ROAD: A RADAR INSTRUMENT FOR DETECTING SPEED OFFENCES. The Lancashire county police brought a radar instrument for detecting speeding offences into use on August 1 on roads in built-up areas around Preston. Our photograph shows a shooting-brake housing radar equipment parked outside a house. The device, which was camouflaged by a number of cardboard boxes, was operated by policemen in plain clothes.



REMOVAL THEN STORAGE: WORKMEN, USING A MECHANICAL CUTTER FOR THE FIRST TIME, CUTTING AND LIFTING TURVES AT WEMBLEY STADIUM, WHICH IS BEING PREPARED FOR THE WORLD SPEEDWAY CHAMPIONSHIP FINALS IN SEPTEMBER. THE TURVES WILL BE REPLACED IN TIME FOR THE BIG SOCCER MATCHES.



SOLD AT AUCTION FOR £8300: HOREHAM MANOR FARM, SUSSEX, FORMERLY OWNED BY LADY GARBETT, WHO WAS DISPOSSESSED BY THE MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE LAST YEAR ON THE GROUND THAT THE LAND WAS NOT BEING PROPERLY FARMED.



A NOVEL SWIMMING-POOL WITH WATER ON THREE LEVELS: THE SWIMMING-BATH AT WATTENS, IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL. THE POOLS ARE OF VARYING DEPTHS, ONE BEING SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR CHILDREN.

One of Europe's prettiest and most novel swimming-pools is at Wattens, some six miles from Innsbruck, in the Austrian Tyrol. This swimming centre, which was only completed last summer, gives visitors wonderful views of mountain scenery and provides them with three swimming-pools, a restaurant and many other attractions for young and old. The swimming-pools, as can be seen here, are on different levels. In the foreground is the shallow

children's pool which, at one end, has a long black wall on which young visitors may draw with chalks. On the upper level is the medium-depth swimming-pool (left) and, seen on the right, the 12-ft.-deep pool designed for divers, which is surrounded by a low wall and has a very modern diving tower. One part of the restaurant, alongside the water in the deep pool, has glass windows so that visitors can enjoy watching the underwater swimmers.



## THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



### FESTIVAL NIGHT.

By J. C. TREWIN.

LATELY, I have not found much reason to applaud the experiments of the English Stage Company. Thus it is all the happier now to cheer one of the Company's plays which I met, to my surprise, at the Theatre Royal in Exeter. The City of Exeter excites me as it must excite any West Countryman; but I hardly expected to meet there a preview of a new bill by the *avant-garde* organisation of our stage. The better of the two plays, the one that troubles the mind as one can remember the cloudscape of a stormy sunset, is W. B. Yeats's "Purgatory": I am more grateful for that than for Oliver Marlow Wilkinson's "How Can We Save Father?" which in Devon formed the larger (though not for me the major) part of the evening. When this article appears, Mr. Wilkinson's play will have opened in Sloane Square (with "The Chairs" as its partner). I am happy to know, after all, that "Purgatory" does figure as well in the autumn programme of the Royal Court, though we must wait for it.

The Yeats-Wilkinson bill composed the theatrical programme of the Devon Festival at Barnstaple and Exeter. It was hardly, I felt, a festive arrangement. We came out, in something of a grey silence, to the hushed streets of Exeter. It did occur to me for a moment, and with irreverence, that the best way to end the evening might be a rather brisk party. At times one wants to escape from the immensities, and as we walked along High Street, Exeter, it seemed that someone was anxious to run from every second turning with a new intellectual abstraction. Still, this was after the Wilkinson debate; I might not have felt like it if the Yeats had come last. Not, I repeat, a festive piece, but one of chilling power. I wish it had been partnered by another Yeats, perhaps by a revival that could have pointed the contrast between his earlier style and his later, between the shivering force of a ghost story that is more than just that, and the days of the murmuring dark and the long-throated swans, the wool-white foam and the years like great black oxen.

"Purgatory," the poet's last play but one—it preceded "The Death of Cuchulain"—was acted at the Abbey, Dublin, in August 1938. Yeats made his final public appearance at the end. As Joseph Hone reminds us in the biography, he came out to affirm that he had put nothing in the play merely because it seemed picturesque; it contained his own "convictions about this world and the next." Mr Hone traces the origin of the piece to a story Yeats told at one of Charles Ricketts' "Friday Evenings." Briefly, a childless pair lived in an Irish castle. They had longed for a child, but when at last a boy was born, the husband, who had grown sullen and suspicious, seized it from its mother in drunken rage and killed it, whereupon the woman committed suicide. The father, frenzied, married a second wife who bore other sons. Generation by generation, the masters of the house would take to fits of solitary drinking, and always "an ashen woman would drift past . . . ascending the curved stairs" to re-enact the ancient tragedy. Fortunes faded; the castle was burned. One day, long afterwards, a descendant, moved to see

whence his stock had sprung, found himself at dusk before the shell of the house:

There being no door, he walked straight into the empty well up the wall of which had twined the oaken stairs. As he gazed he saw a fragile dishevelled form glide past him up and around the walls as though the steps were still there. Almost at the top she stopped, then with a burst of emotion dived, to disappear. The man knew no surprise. He felt that he had watched this melancholy scene innumerable times before—and for an

crime until the evil consequences to themselves and to others are at an end. (Or, as Hamlet's Father says, "Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature Are burnt and purged away.") As yet there is no end: the little play is an inexorable tragedy of murder breeding murder. Yeats writes in a measure that won T. S. Eliot's admiration—and his praise, too, for the way in which so much action is suggested within the brevity of the tiny piece. For my part, I can never hear "Purgatory" mentioned without

remembering these lines as I heard them first in the Third Programme of the B.B.C., and now as John Phillips spoke them at Exeter:

Great people lived and died in this house;  
Magistrates, colonels, members of Parliament,  
Captains and Governors, and long ago  
Men that had fought at Aughrim and the Boyne.  
Some that had gone on Government work  
To London or to India came home to die,  
Or came from London every spring  
To look at the may-blossom in the park.  
They had loved the trees that he cut down  
To pay what he had lost at cards  
Or spent on horses, drink, and women;  
Had loved the house, had loved all  
The intricate passages of the house,  
But he killed the house; to kill a house  
Where great men grew up, married,  
died,  
I here declare a capital offence.†

By no means everyone's play, but something that during its bare twenty minutes in the theatre can chill you so that you feel like Coleridge's man upon a lonely road who dared not turn his head. Although the set at Exeter had what I must call a fussy simpleness, John Phillips (with Graham Pyle as the boy) did not let it distract us. He spoke the lines powerfully enough for me to be sorry the effect had to be blanketed afterwards by "How Can We Save Father?"

Mr. Phillips, again, was dominating here as a clergyman whose task had driven him mad. In sum, the dramatist is asking how we can save God in the modern world. The symbolic charade, with its fantastic ritual of exorcism, was acted, mercifully, without an interval. I found it a weight on the spirits, though I can believe that the play and its resolute arguments might have come up better on a second hearing. Certainly the cast—and in particular Mr. Phillips, Susan Richmond, and John Moffatt—did everything imaginable.



ALREADY SEEN BY OVER 750,000 PEOPLE: "SALAD DAYS," WHICH STARTED ITS FOURTH YEAR AT THE VAUDEVILLE ON AUGUST 5, SHOWING THE FLYING SAUCER SCENE FROM JULIAN SLADE'S MUSICAL WITH (L. TO R.) TROppo (BOB HARRIS); TIMOTHY (DEREK HOLMES); P.C. BOOT (JOE GREIG) AND JANE (VIRGINIA VERNON).



A NEW BALLET WHICH HAD ITS PREMIERE ON JULY 30: "CONTE FANTASTIQUE," SHOWING THE ENTERTAINERS IN A SCENE FROM THE RECENT BALLET RAMBERT PRODUCTION OF ANDREE HOWARD'S BALLET AT SADLER'S WELLS.

instant he dimly understood that neither his children nor yet his children's children could ever purge themselves of a crime that they had inherited with their blood.\*

The last twenty words or so contain the idea that Yeats—using another plot—put, towards the end of his life, into the 250 lines of "Purgatory." There, before a ruin, an old pedlar (once the son of the house) stands with his own boy. Long ago he had killed his evil father. Now again he watches the ghosts of his parents as they pursue their eternal repetition of the past. They are "souls in Purgatory that come back to habitations and familiar spots," doomed to repeat their

On the way back to the hotel as we turned in from High Street, the noble mass of Exeter Cathedral loomed against the sky, and the symbolic battling of the last hour seemed suddenly to have been needless. But I could not shake off "Purgatory." At the Royal Court Mr. Wilkinson's play has now Ionesco's fantasy as a partner; I shall look forward to seeing the Yeats in a later programme and to hearing the old man say again, "Study that house."

\* "W. B. Yeats, 1865-1939." By Joseph Hone. Page 284. (Macmillan, 1942.)

† "The Collected Plays of W. B. Yeats." Page 683. (Macmillan, 1952.)



VISITED BY MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST TIME AFTER THE OPENING  
ON JULY 31: THE ROYAL BALLET SCHOOL, WHITE LODGE, RICHMOND PARK.



AT THE OPENING OF WHITE LODGE: DAME MARGOT FONTEYN AND  
LORD SOULBURY LOOKING AT A PAINTING OF TAMARA KARSAVINA.



DURING THE OPENING CEREMONY AT WHITE LODGE: DAME MARGOT FONTEYN  
WITH LORD SOULBURY.

OPENED TO THE PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE ROYAL BALLET SCHOOL AT WHITE LODGE, RICHMOND.

White Lodge, Richmond Park, the home of the Royal Ballet School, was opened to the public for the first time on July 31. The opening ceremony was performed by Dame Margot Fonteyn. Sadler's Wells leased White Lodge from the Crown in 1955, and since then it has been in use as a boarding school for over 100 junior pupils, most of whom are girls, who hope to make a career in ballet. With the granting of the Royal Charter in October last year Sadler's Wells became the Royal Ballet. The school is to remain

open to the public until the end of August (except on Mondays), and during this period an exhibition of designs and drawings, arranged by the Director of White Lodge, Mr. Arnold Haskell, is being held. The exhibition includes work by Picasso, Bakst and Benois. The life-size bronze of Margot Fonteyn by Maurice Lambert is also being shown. A Ministry of Works grant for repairs to White Lodge was made two years ago on condition the building was opened to the public for a number of days each year.



## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

### TALES OF UNREST.

By ALAN DENT.

**I**N a better-ordered world we should now be celebrating the centenary of Joseph Conrad with a series of worthy films made out of that great novelist's masterpieces. The appearance of Trevor Howard in a new film of the sea called "Manuela" reminds us of Sir Carol Reed's fine version of "An Outcast of the Islands" in which Mr. Howard was memorable in a leading part (though not any more memorable than Sir Ralph Richardson), and reminds us further that if Conrad's major novels—"Lord Jim" and "Victory" and "Chance" and "Nostromo"—have ever been filmed at all, it is high time they were being filmed again with the new kinds of screen and in the new perfection of colour.

Mr. Howard seems born to play almost any of Conrad's self-torturing sea-captains. He reminds us of this continuously in "Manuela," a well-made but not particularly well-written little film—a very long way after Conrad—in which the forty-three-year-old captain of a cargo-steamer falls haplessly, but not hopelessly, in love with a seventeen-year-old girl who has stowed away in the guise of a boy. The tramp-steamer is sailing from a South American port and is bound for Bristol. The girl (Elsa Martinelli) has been smuggled aboard by the chief engineer (Pedro Armendariz), a huge, hulking chap, whose good-natured loud laughter echoes and re-echoes throughout the film. Less good-natured is a sanctimonious first-mate (Donald Pleasance) who is Welsh and who hates to see anything as ungodly as a female stowaway aboard—especially when she is un-stowed and makes herself perfectly at home in the captain's cabin.

It is the kind of film in which—suddenly—nothing happens. Even a gradual outbreak of fire in the cargo of cotton is not allowed to disturb the outbreak of love in the skipper's cabin—not until it is quite certain that smoke is to be replaced by fire. The captain has in the end to abandon his ship, and the ill-matched and ill-starred lovers

Jocko de Paris and is played—as he was in the play in New York—by a newcomer of dangerous good-looks called Ben Gazzara. But the film seems to

### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



TREVOR HOWARD AS CAPTAIN PROTHERO IN BRITISH LION'S "MANUELA," WHICH IS PRODUCED BY IVAN FOXWELL.

In making his choice Alan Dent writes: "In a new film of the sea—'Manuela,' adapted from the novel by William Woods and directed by Guy Hamilton—Trevor Howard forcibly reminds us that he has few rivals in this country—and only Jean Gabin in France—in the matter of sheer expressive film-acting as distinct from handsome self-exposition. Moods chase each other across his face like clouds across the moon. Better-looking actors 'make do'—and 'make do' very successfully—with a smile, a frown, a scowl, and then another smile, and have hardly any moods between affection and dejection. Mr. Howard in this film hardly smiles at all and has few occasions to scowl. But he shows himself an assured master of the innumerable moods and expressions between these two extremes."

of over-acting on the part of almost everyone concerned, this film has been completely shot in Florida, and there is one astonishing nightmare sequence near the end when we see the "Spanish moss" on the trees lit by the front-lamps of assembled cars—that strange profuse lichen which is so marked a feature of the landscape of the "deep South."

Two other interesting American films have already been generally released and make an effective double bill—"The Bachelor Party" and "Monkey on my Back." The main moral to be gleaned from the latter is that boxers should not take to morphine. But the former is an altogether more worthwhile picture with the more universal moral that marriage is a highly responsible thing and one not to be lightly or unhesitatingly undertaken. Its admirably natural dialogue is by Paddy Chayefsky, who wrote "Marty," and its playing—especially that of Don Murray and Patricia Smith, as a young couple ill at ease about their approaching parenthood, and of Jack Warden as an experienced bachelor who shies at marriage altogether and all the time—is quite delightful. The direction by Delbert Mann is extremely adroit. This is plain workaday New York as the films hardly ever show it—the New York of clerks who live in Queens (a huge residential quarter hardly ever mentioned even in the comic papers); who go to, and come from, work by the underground railway (which is probably the oldest-fashioned and certainly the grubbiest thing in New York); who have much ado to keep up appearances and very little time for any higher ambition. I have already seen "The Bachelor Party" twice over, and it rings true even more soundly the second time than the first.

Reverting to Trevor Howard's lovely performance (which is a pleasure anyhow) and reverting further to Joseph Conrad (which is a natural association of ideas), let me recount an incident



"A WELL-MADE BUT NOT PARTICULARLY WELL-WRITTEN LITTLE FILM": "MANUELA"—A SCENE FROM THIS BRITISH FILM WITH MANUELA (ELSA MARTINELLI) AND CAPTAIN PROTHERO (TREVOR HOWARD). (LONDON PREMIERE: ODEON, MARBLE ARCH, JULY 18.)



"PLAIN WORKADAY NEW YORK AS THE FILMS HARDLY EVER SHOW IT": CHARLIE SAMSON (DON MURRAY) AND HIS WIFE HELEN (PATRICIA SMITH) IN A SCENE FROM "THE BACHELOR PARTY," AN AMERICAN FILM PRODUCED BY HAROLD HECHT. (LONDON PREMIERE: LONDON PAVILION, JUNE 28.)

drift apart, quite literally. Miss Martinelli is fairly expressive and strikingly pretty, and both Mr. Pleasance and Mr. Armendariz distinguish themselves. But it is Mr. Howard who decorates the film with a glowing medal. His performance is quite exceptionally moving—that of a character clutching desperately at all he has hitherto missed in his wasted life.

Utterly charmless—and much more genuinely shocking than "Manuela"—is "End as a Man," a film which suggests that an American military academy is practically a forcing-house for sadistic bullies. The film's choice specimen is called

me—as did the play in America—nasty, brutish, and long; and the dialogue is too often hard to follow. In compensation for a considerable orgy

which happened during my visit to Poland last November. I was being driven through the picturesque streets of Cracow when a plaque on a corner building in a side-street caught my eye, making me stop the car to examine it. It marked the house where the great novelist lived as a little boy, and it was inscribed to the same effect in Polish, with, in addition, a reference to Cracow in the author's own English:

— "It was in that old, royal, and academical city that I ceased to be a child and became a boy." The happy surprise of discovering an English inscription in a place so remote makes this, it seems to me, worth recording.

### OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"HOT SHOTS" (Generally Released; July 22).—These, predominantly led by The Bowery Boys, leave me, personally, very cold indeed. But one man's detachment is another man's frenzy.

"FIRE DOWN BELOW" (Generally Released; July 29).—Rita Hayworth at her old tactics, and Robert Mitchum trying out some new ones with comparative success.

"INTERLUDE" (Generally Released; July 29).—Sultry drama chiefly notable for the reappearance of Rossano Brazzi, who acted so capably as Katharine Hepburn's guide to Venice in "Summer Madness."

"A MASQUE OF SCHOLLERS": AN ENTERTAINMENT IN CELEBRATION OF REPTON SCHOOL'S 400TH ANNIVERSARY.



"I AM YOUR PROLOGUE, SIRS, AND . . . ONLY I, A REPTON BOY, CAN TELL THE REPTON TALE": R. M. KNIGHT AS THE PROLOGUE, A REPTON BOY OF 1957, IN "A MASQUE OF SCHOLLERS," AN ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE SCHOOL'S 400TH ANNIVERSARY.



A VITAL FIGURE IN THE HISTORY OF REPTON: DR. PEARS, HEADMASTER FROM 1854 TO 1874 AND "SECOND FOUNDER" OF THE SCHOOL. THIS PART IN THE MASQUE WAS PLAYED BY MAURICE COLBOURNE, THE WELL-KNOWN OLD REPTONIAN ACTOR.



THE AUTHOR AS HE WAS SEEN IN THE MASQUE: ERIC MASCHWITZ, THE OLD REPTONIAN WRITER OF "A MASQUE OF SCHOLLERS," AS RALPH CLARKE, THE SUB-PRIOR OF REPTON PRIORY, IN THE OPENING SCENE.



"PLEASE, SIR, WHY DO THEY CALL YOU 'JUGS' ?": A STORMY MOMENT IN A SCENE FROM 1925 WITH "JUGS" VASSALL (PLAYED BY ROBERT ROWELL, CENTRE), THE WELL-LOVED MASTER AND BURSAR WHO WAS AT THE SCHOOL FROM 1885-1926.



"IN THE DAYS OF DOCTOR PEARS": THE FOUR QUARTETS—PREFECTS, CRICKETERS, RIFLEMEN AND WET-BOBS—IN THE FINALE OF THIS AMUSING SONG. THE COSTUME DESIGNS WERE BASED ON PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE DAY.



THE END OF REPTON PRIORY: THE TWO KING'S COMMISSIONERS, DR. LEGH (ARTHUR BOLLAND) AND THOMAS THACKER (MICHAEL BERRY), TAKING OVER THE PRIORY FROM FATHER RALPH CLARKE IN 1538.



IN THE DAYS BETWEEN PRIORY AND SCHOOL: POOR TOM (JOHN EMERY) BEING TEASED BY UNRULY REPTON VILLAGE BOYS—A SCENE WHICH MAY HAVE INSPIRED SIR JOHN PORT TO MAKE PROVISIONS IN HIS WILL FOR A SCHOOL AT REPTON.



1854: THE GOVERNORS, (L. TO R.) LORD CHESTERFIELD (RICHARD OWEN), LORD HOWE (HAROLD ARGYLE) AND SIR ROBERT GERARD (MAURICE COLE), DISCUSSING THE CANDIDATURE OF MR. PEARS TO THE HEADMASTERSHIP.

An important feature of the 400th Anniversary Celebrations, held at Repton School from July 25 to 28, were the seven performances in Pears School of "A Masque of Schollers." Written by Eric Maschwitz, an old Reptonian famous in the world of entertainment, and produced by Miss Yvonne le Dain, the Masque was a fitting setting for the talents of many Reptonians past and present. The music was composed by Arnold Cooke, Norman Demuth, the late Ralph Wylie (all Old Reptonians), and Jonathan Harvey (still a Repton boy). The eleven scenes of the Masque, each of which featured an important event or character in the history of the School, were linked by The Prologue, a Repton Boy of 1957, who unfolded (to quote from his opening lines) "The Repton Tale. . . . A tale that wanders like a mid-land stream through the

green landscape of four hundred years, gathering sweet momentum as it goes and broad'ning to the river of today." The first scene, in which Eric Maschwitz himself played the leading rôle, told of the end of Repton Priory and the seizure of its lands and buildings by Thomas Thacker. Two further scenes from the sixteenth century and three from the seventeenth brought the Masque to 1854 and the great days of Dr. Pears, the famous headmaster who is justly regarded as Repton's "second founder". After a somewhat hilarious scene with the more recent well-loved Repton character "Jugs" Vassall, the Masque moved to its finale—the "Song of the Fourth Centenary," a melody much enjoyed by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, when they watched a rehearsal during their visit to Repton School in March.

## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

NOW it can be said that in the way of futurism, we have seen everything. Humanity has already been treated to all sorts of apocalyptic disasters; it had yet to be wound up without tears; and indeed that was a consummation one never thought of. "On the Beach," by Nevil Shute (Heinemann; 15s.), is therefore a fascinating surprise: all the more so for being so wonderfully humdrum. And yet after the event, it seems we could have expected it. The author had been exploding sundry quarters of the globe for some time; now, at the beginning of 1963, he has wiped out the entire northern hemisphere—or at least the creatures on it—in a short nuclear armageddon. So far, so natural; but the antipodes are to follow on. The radioactive dust is on its way south; and people murmur to each other as a kind of refrain, "there's not long to go." Less than a year from the opening date: that is, in the city of Melbourne, which will be last out. There are no science-fiction attempts to fight back, and ensure a group of survivors. What will be, will be; meanwhile all the characters are pegging away in the old groove, however futile, and planning five or ten years ahead—because they can't think of an alternative.

Peter Holmes, a young naval officer with a wife and baby, has been unemployed for five months: not in the absence of enemies, but for want of fuel oil. However, he has now the good fortune to be posted as liaison officer in U.S.S. *Scorpion*—an atomic-powered submarine, and the last seagoing warship in the American Navy. Or, for that matter, extant. He has rather a conscience about leaving home—but Mary is a naval officer's daughter; she would be furious if he "sacrificed his career." And *Scorpion* will be back from the north in good time. . . . Actually, her two cruises lead to nothing whatever; but in a week-end with the Holmes family, Captain Towers, U.S.N., converts their friend Moira from heavy drinking to a secretarial course. They remain platonic, because Dwight has a wife and family in Connecticut; *has*, not had. "I'm going home quite soon," he remarks. "I've been away a long time, but it's nearly over now." *En attendant*, he is the spit and image of the Roman sentinel at Pompeii, and finally scuttles his ship in deep water, because Uncle Sam wouldn't like all that classified gear lying around.

It is an odd book: not at all painful, indeed so piano and stiff-upper-lip that it makes one laugh, and yet deeply, curiously exciting. One can hardly tell why.

## OTHER FICTION.

"Tower in the West," by Frank Norris (Gollancz; 15s.), shows us the human, or at least American world going full blast. George Hanes, the narrator, is an architect. His elder brother was a great architect, but George has assumed the rôle of "custodian"—custodian of his brother's name, his brother's family, his brother's divine skyscraper in St. Louis. When the building opens at the end of 1916, its creator has been killed, his widow has got into trouble, and George has married her. Which was sublime but idiotic. So is the Tower; it has gone up merely to be blasted by prohibition, vulgarised in the Depression, gutted during the Second War. These national phases are the cream of the story. Its most appealing figure is the hero's boot-legger friend from Yale; and its dramatic highlight is his entrance with a bag of money, when the Tower is going to the Japanese for scrap. But unluckily the private chronicle is much inferior to the setting and the very skilful, electric manner.

"The Linton Memorial," by Lavender Lloyd (Longmans; 15s.), seemed to me nearly as surprising as "On the Beach." An ingenuous young ballet teacher, living in a private hotel in a seaside town, meets a romantic stranger and is whisked to East Africa. There Hannie Carruthers has a farm. He is successful, confident—but not open: least of all about the events in America which made his fortune. This is a worry to Sandra; and just as she is beginning to settle down, a strange, horrid little man appears at the Club. Of course, a blackmailer. When Hannie won't even see him, he confides in all the excitable Europeans of Black Beach, who start a boycott. Then he is found dead. . . .

Everything has the air of truth, and is completely original in a modest way. It is also very sympathetic reading.

In "Maigret Goes to School," by Georges Simenon (Hamish Hamilton; 10s. 6d.), a pitiful little schoolmaster from the Charente, about to be charged with shooting the retired postmistress, appeals to Maigret for succour. In the village he won't get a square deal. Léonie was an abominable old ogre, but she was one of *them*; whereas the schoolmaster is "foreign," and has refused them certificates to which they were not entitled. Though it is no business of Maigret's, he is tempted by the spring day and a vision of oysters and white wine; and at Saint-André he finds himself in his village boyhood. The same characters, the same closed circle. He lingers heavily in their midst, downing glass after glass of the wine (but there are no oysters), and drifting through futile conversations with old and young. . . . Very smooth, K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF MODERN TIMES.

ALL my books this week are biographical or autobiographical, but they could hardly be more sharply contrasted. In "The Eye of the Beholder" (Hulton; 30s.), Mr. Lance Sieveking frankly lists and describes a representative selection of famous persons he has known. There is nothing wrong with that. We would all of us, if we could, be pickers-up of unconsidered notoriety, and Mr. Sieveking has recognised that anyone who has ever met a great man, for however short a time, has his own contribution to make towards his composite picture. "No two people," he writes, "see a man or woman from *precisely* the same angle. It is all in the eye of the beholder." But I do not know why he goes on to tell us that "the book will . . . only include those people who, on quiet reflection, appear to me 'beautiful.'" One has only to read the chapters on Bernard Shaw and Aleister Crowley to discover that, if this contention is to stand, Mr. Sieveking's ideas of beauty are very comprehensive indeed. Personally, I was glad of the plain speaking to which he has treated Shaw. "A rasping voice charged with irritability . . . quite horrifying conceit . . . such an atmosphere of arrogant pride . . . such a lack of warmth or love towards (their) fellow-creatures." It is quite time that these things should be said. As for the egregious Crowley, he gets off almost too lightly: "I feel that perhaps it is not a harsh judgment to say that he was not a good man. But he never did me any harm. Perhaps he wasn't a very good magician either. . . ."

But of course it is the celebrities whom Mr. Sieveking knew and liked who give the book its value. Here is a really good portrait of G. K. Chesterton ("Mr. Tame Lion"—how felicitous children can be!), and another—perhaps the best of all, because of the intimacy between him and the author—of Paul Nash. There are happy phrases, such as: "The really strange thing is that Eric (Maschwitz) has found that by insisting on living his life in a patch of sunshine left over from the vanished past, he has proved beyond a doubt the truth of the old saying that life is what you make it." How the sunshine sparkles in the essay that follows! There is a short passage about Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. Esmond Harmsworth (now Lord Rothermere) which might be a pastiche cartoon by Low and Illingworth. Prime Ministers hop daintily from twig to twig of the rather odd *arbor cognitionis*—the family tree of his acquaintances—which the author has printed on the inside front and back cover pages of his book. Every now and then, I am sorry to say, Mr. Sieveking's style becomes waggish and *espègle*. He wriggles and he skips. He peeps round corners and giggles. But no silly tricks can impair the essential merit of this work, which is very considerable indeed.

Mr. R. H. Mottram is also a writer, and his story, told in "Another Window Seat," or "Life Observed" (Hutchinson; 18s.), is that of a bank-clerk turned author, whose life is led mostly between his native Norwich and his brother's home in Scotland. It is the story of a family man. Mr. Mottram has experienced his share of difficulty, danger and hard decision, and he has the ability to epitomise a common experience so that those who have shared it can relate it with him. If Mr. Sieveking gives us champagne and caviar, Mr. Mottram serves roast beef and beer—but it is a prime cut, and home-brewed.

Over to Paris, and the company of Miss Janet Flanner, the correspondent of the *New Yorker*. I do not care for our Angry Young Men, and I have even less sympathy with Angry Old Foreigners. But those to whom this noisy, distorted and unrestful world is familiar and significant will want to read "Men and Monuments" (Hamish Hamilton; 25s.). Miss Flanner tells us as much as she or anyone else knows about André Malraux, the author of "La Condition Humaine." Malraux, although not a politician, has veered from near-Communism to passionate Gaullism. He piloted planes for the Spanish Republic, and later became one of the most courageous leaders of the Maquis. He has been an explorer, is an expert on Oriental art, and a winner of the Prix Goncourt. He is, I suppose, a kind of tormented Cyrano, and Miss Flanner has described him vividly. Her essays on Braque, Matisse and Picasso are equally lucid, and she ends with a description of the German theft of art treasures and of their restoration to the bereaved nations after the last war.

My last book this week is in many ways my favourite. Miss Evelyn Cheesman has been right to choose the title: "Things Worth While" (Hutchinson; 21s.). Some readers may be surprised, because her "things" include tropical spiders, giant spiders and scorpions. Born into a Victorian home—how good are her early chapters, describing that family life!—Miss Cheesman early developed a love of animals, and graduated from being a "canine nurse," through charge of the Insect House at the Zoo, to expeditions in the Pacific area carried out on behalf of the British Museum of Natural History. However far she roams into tropical jungles, she never quite leaves the Victorian nursery fender. In fact, she is immensely endearing, and I recommend her book to every reader.

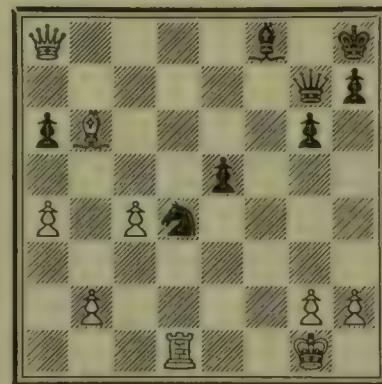
E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE two positions we put before you this week come from different tournaments in the Chess Festival at Whitby. The play in the first, which occurred in a game in the Open Championship (carrying a £100 cash prize and a £150 cup), was considerably worse than in the second, from a junior event in which the first prize was a 25s. book!

A. MAZITIS, Black.



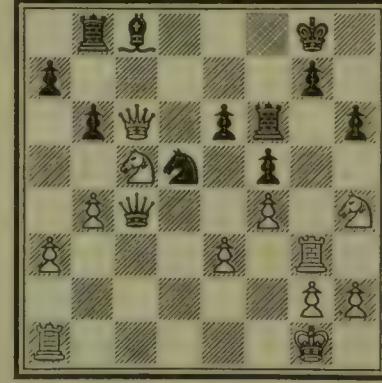
N. R. D. GRIFFITH, White.

Labouring under a complete hallucination, White plays here

1. R × Kt? P × R  
2. B × P??

Black should now, of course, play 2. . . . Q × Bch, and proceed to win with ease a game which, two moves ago, was quite lost. But he resigned!!! The hallucination has communicated itself to Black. Both players thought that 2. . . . Q × B could be answered by 3. Q × B mate, overlooking that 2. . . . Q × B gives check.

C. WARING, Black.



G. M. SHELDICK, White.

White could win by 1. Q-B7 but finds something prettier:

1. R × Pch K-R1  
1. . . . K × R, 2. Kt × Pch would cost Black his queen.  
2. R × P B-Kt2  
3. R × B R × R  
4. Q-B8ch K-Kt2  
5. Kt × Pch

He does want that queen!

5. . . . R × Kt  
6. Q × Q Resigns

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[3P 137B]

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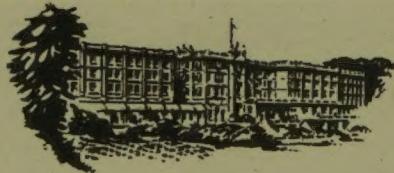
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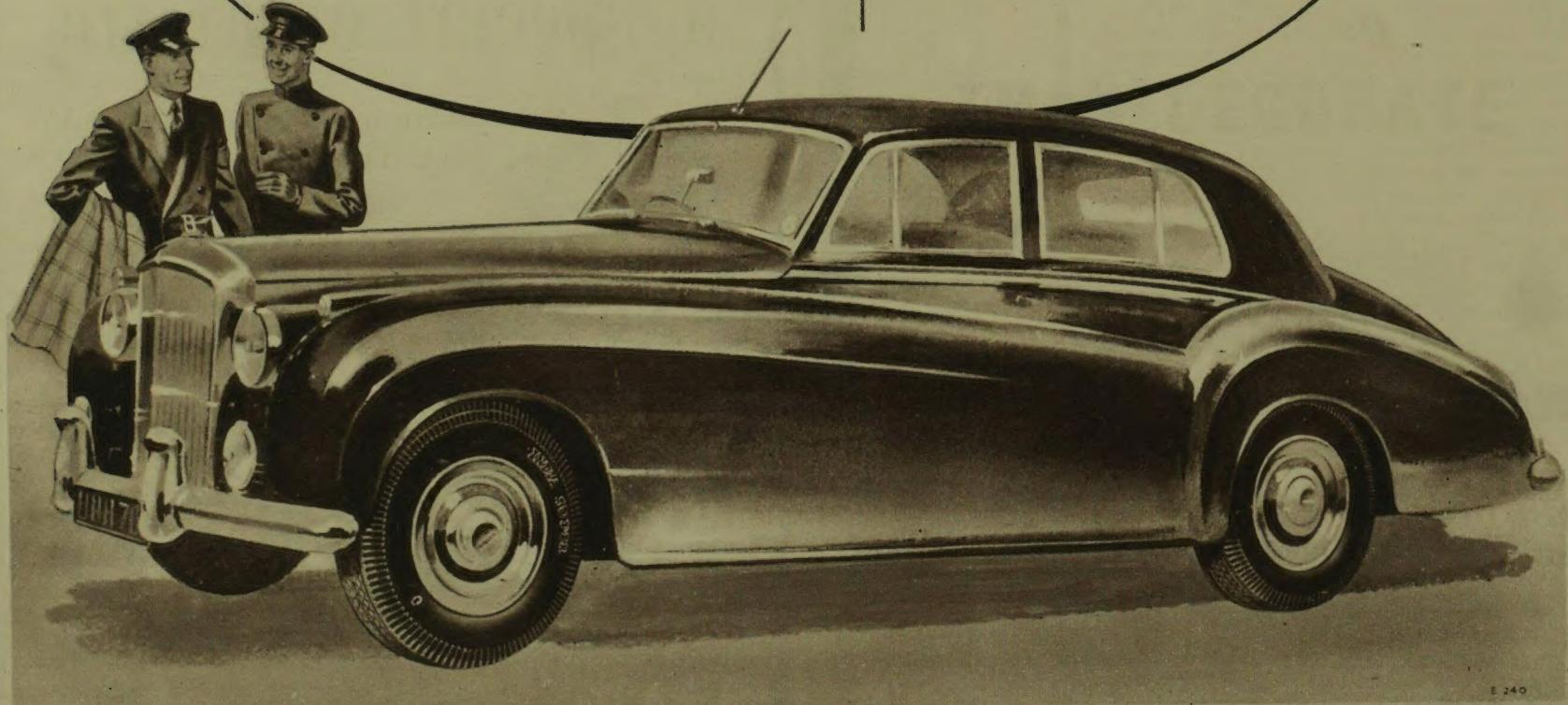
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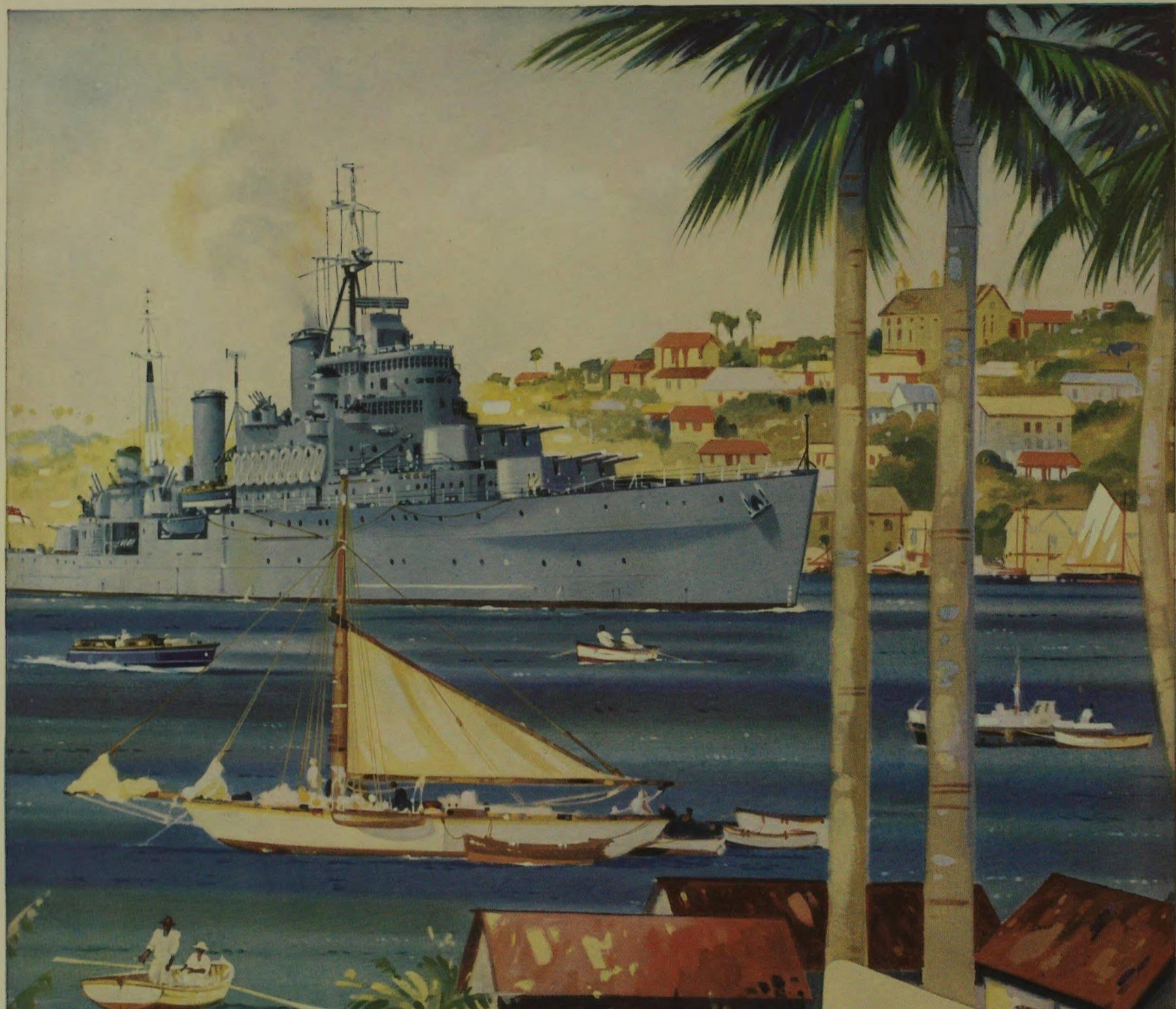
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